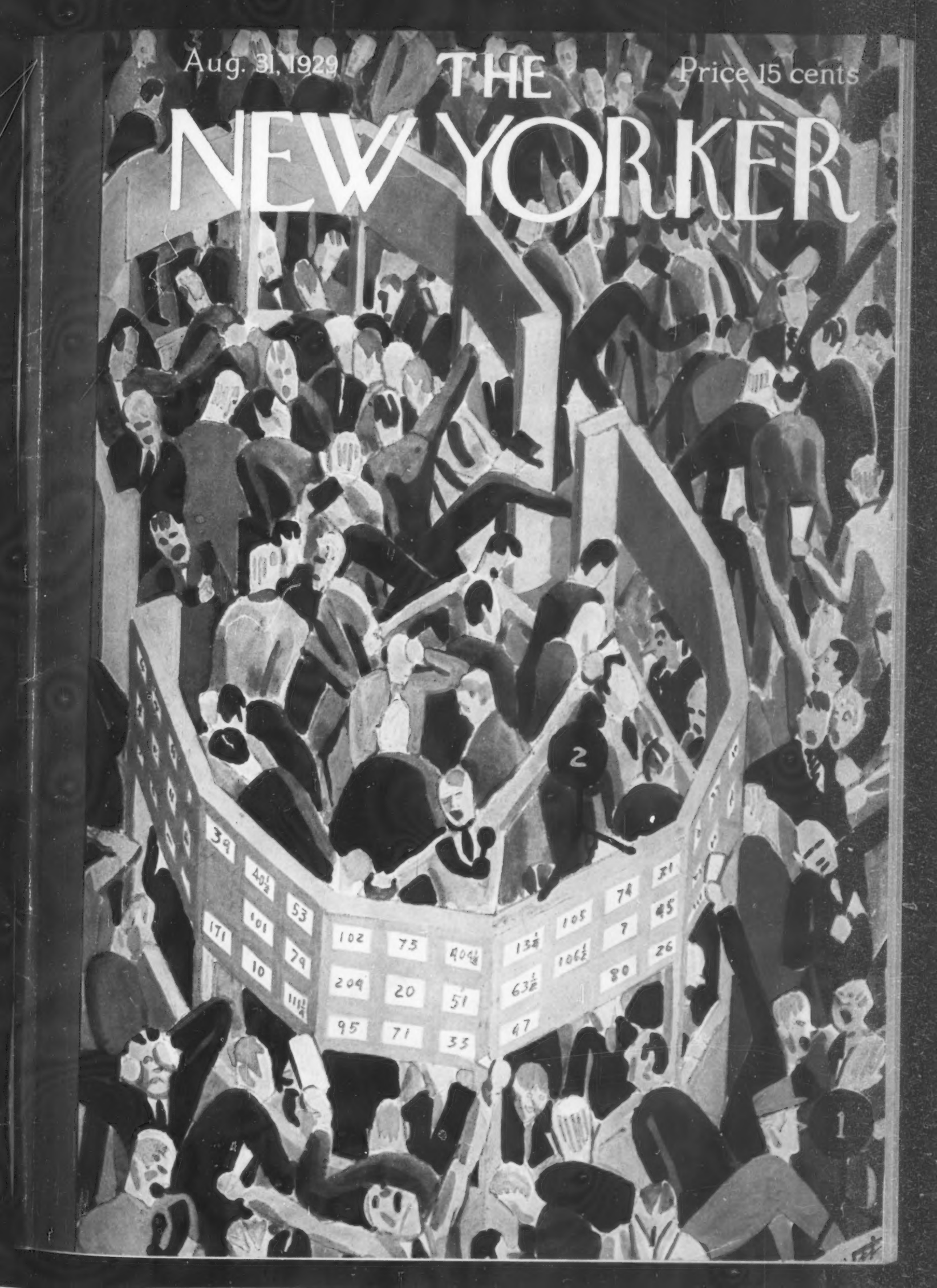
Aug. 31, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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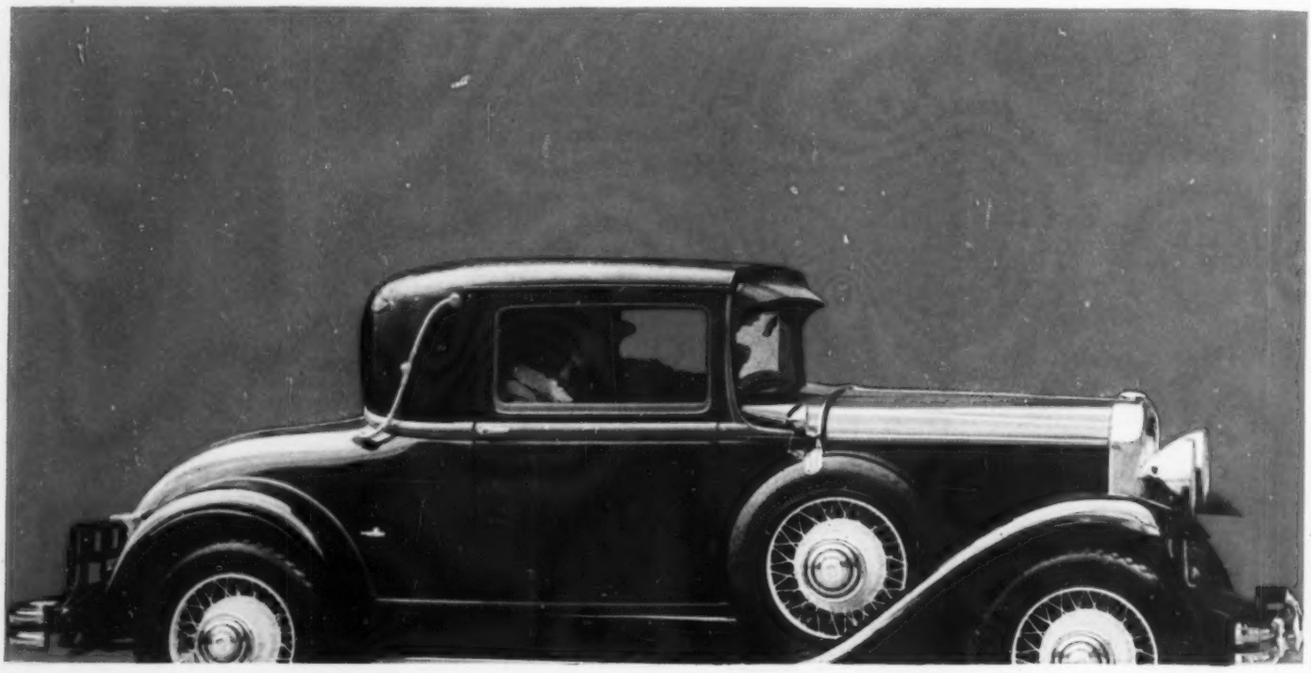
THE NEW BUICK PACEMAKER OF PERFORMANCE



FLEET as a swallow . . . driven by a mighty Valve-in-Head engine which develops approximately one hundred horsepower . . . smooth as silk and nimbler than you ever thought a motor car could be. It's the *pacemaker of performance*—the master of hill, highway and city traffic. And it's appareled in new Bodies by Fisher which instantly identify it as the greatest Buick of them all.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

G.L.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS — FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FIRST AND SIXTH FLOORS

WHETHER one's part is that of player or spectator —clothes for sports must be in the best of form. Altman is showing a studied group of gentlemen's sport clothes for Autumn activities of every variety.

QUALITY THAT MEANS ECONOMY

It's found in Kayser Hosiery . . . . woven into every stitch. In Kayser quality is found the secret of the satisfying wear of the hose . . . . the ultimate economy of buying it. One pair gives just double the wear of the usual silk hose. Created from pure thread silk . . . . pure dyed . . . . flawless, even of texture . . . . smartly fashioned . . . . beautiful to look upon . . . . with Slendo-Heel* or Slipper-Heel* for chic . . . . Kayser Hosiery is the last word in modern hosiery.

New Shades . . . . Regent, Plaza, Avenue, Piccadilly, Riverside, Park lane . . . . $1.50 and up.

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

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SILK HOSIERY

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The Three Perfect SUITS for the JUNIOR DEB

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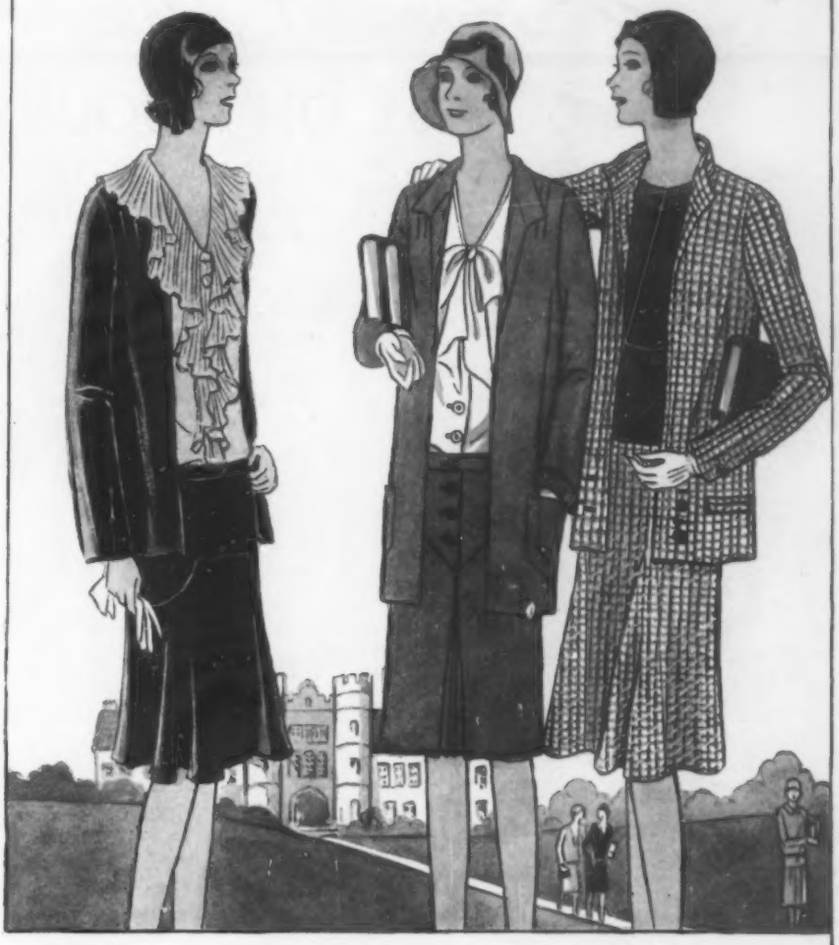

Fashion runs to covert...and fashion also runs to velvet...and fashion also runs to tweed

And Macy prices (as always) run to *thrift*. Which is a salutary thing, because girls between eleven and seventeen should never be extravagant.

LEFT: A transparent velvet with tuck-in blouse and softly frilled collar. In rich shades of brown, green, blue, and black . . . $22.74

CENTER: A three-piece suit of covert cloth with tuck-in silk blouse and finger tip length coat. In brown, dark blue, and green . $13.74

RIGHT: A tweed suit with tuck-in jersey blouse and short coat. In brown and scarlet, scarlet and tan, gray and navy, and amethyst with blue. $22.74

JUNIOR DEB DEPARTMENT — FOURTH FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York City

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. Additional matinées, however, may be scheduled for Labor Day, Mon., Sept. 2. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Morosco, 45, W. Mat. Labor Day.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild pauses in its uplift work to entertain with an unimportant though Czechoslovakian comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Labor Day and Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. An amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mat. Labor Day.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—A characteristically Earl Carroll show that is good summer entertainment. With Will Mahoney. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. One of last season's best musicals. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift and pleasant musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Dark gaiety and dancing which begins marvellously but doesn't sustain itself. (Hudson, 44, E.. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Lively, smart, intimate revue, with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—An elaborate and highly original revue that is without doubt the best-looking show in town. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rowdy Shubert extravaganza, with the engaging Ted Healy as master of ceremonies. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Handsome but slightly below-par Ziegfeld show, which has Dorothy Stone and Jimmie Durante as its chief assets. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb: Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ken Murray and his Revue, Lou Holtz and Irving Caesar, will be at the Palace, Fri., Aug. 30. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

SWEET ADELINE—A musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein, II, and Jerome Kern, with Helen Morgan. Opens Tues., Sept. 3. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN—Arthur Hopkins' production of Kate Parsons' play, with Walter Huston. Opens Wed., Sept. 4. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

GAMBLING—A new comedy by and with George M. Cohan. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and music by Leo Reisman; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Emil Coleman's orchestra; dinner and supper in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), transformed into a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music, with Veloz and Yolanda dancing; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a good view of New York's skyline and harbor. . . . Other aerial places, and apt to be full of out-of-towners: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not a roof, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, open-air, with Jack White. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, Frances Williams and Jack Smith entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Less than an hour's drive from Times Square: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dinner and dancing on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Arnold Johnson's orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan and her gang; open all night. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney

(Continued on page 6)

The Suit With the Frilled Blouse And the Novelty Jersey Ensemble

ARE TWIN DARLINGS OF THE AUTUMN MODE

Miss Virginia Maurice is wearing the little jacket suit that is the favorite of the younger set. Light weight tweed in brown, green or blue, with sleeveless frilled handkerchief linen tuck-in blouse. Misses' sizes 35.00

Miss Babs Shanton is wearing a Chanel-type ensemble with a smart raglan coat of diagonal striped novelty jersey worn over a one piece natural cashmere jersey frock. Yellow and brown, or brown and blue stripes. 55.00

PARIS **Best & Co.** LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.
Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

THE COCK EYED WORLD—The sequel to "What Price Glory?" with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe again playing the two marines. Rough comedy on a big scale. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—Successful and effective movie of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—War and romance in Africa. Especially fine pictures of the jungle animals. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat., Sun., and Labor Day at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:30 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—The all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields. An unusual and distinguished picture. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—The most successful, lavish, and extensive musical show yet screened. A regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat., Sun., and Labor Day at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Norma Shearer in a diverting movie of Lonsdale's comedy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 2; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Sept. 7.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—Exciting presentation of the popular thriller. The talking machinery retards the action, unfortunately. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Sept. 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—A grim little study of married life, with the wife beautifully done by Peggy Wood. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 5 and 6; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Greene Murder Case," excellent movie of the Van Dine mystery; "Hungarian Rhapsody," a silent German picture of Hungarian country life that is delicate and charming; "Night Club," incisive little sketch of our pleasure haunts.

ART

DECORATION—Summer show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 4 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Some masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE MODERNS—Collection of good American and French paintings: G. R. D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 31 and Sept. 7, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Yankee Consul:" Sun., Sept. 1, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "The Sorcerer," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., Sept. 4, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

DAN BEDDOE—Tenor, with instrumental trio: Sun., Sept. 1, at 9:45 P.M., over WJZ.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., Sept. 1, at 11:15 P.M., over WEAF.

POPULAR MUSIC—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Sept. 3, at 9 P.M., over WABC.. . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 5, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GEORGE GERSHWIN—Piano soloist, with Ben Pollock's orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 5, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30 and 31. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Sat., Aug. 31, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Sept. 2, at 1:45 P.M. (doubleheader); Giants vs. Boston, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 4 and 5, at 3:15 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

DOG SHOWS—North Shore Kennel Club, Smithtown, L. I., Sat., Aug. 31. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Mon., Sept. 2.

POLO—Play for the Open Championship will start at Meadow Brook, Westbury, L. I., Sat., Aug. 31, and continue Mon. and Sat., Sept. 2 and 7. Matches start at 4 P.M. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 3 P.M.) . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. at 4 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N. Y.: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30 and 31, at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.) . . . Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 2. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—At West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I.: East-West Matches Sat. and Mon. Afts., Aug. 31 and Sept. 2; National Men's Singles start Sat. Aft., Sept. 7. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 1:11, 1:33, and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, Sat., Aug. 31; Larchmont Y. C., Mon., Sept. 2; Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Sat., Sept. 7.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). There is a pool for women only in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63.

Facial skin REVITALIZED *by* DASYPODINE HORMONES

Amor Skin literally feeds youth into the epidermis and sub-cutaneous cells, erasing wrinkles, crows' feet and other marks of time.

FROM MEDICAL JRL. AND RECORD, FEB. 1, 1928
"I suggested Amor Skin to several persons and . . . there was such a pronounced change in the complexion and in the consistency or firmness of the skin, that it surprised mutual acquaintances, who knew nothing about the treatment . . . but spontaneously inquired about the cause of the change, although their attention had not been called to it." *Curt Thomalla, M.D , Berlin, Germany.*

THE smart women of today keep perpetual rendezvous with youth. Everywhere you see them, marvelous young women of forty and over, who have seemingly outwitted time.

Long past the formerly accepted limits of youth, they maintain the fresh complexions of young girls, their faces free from wrinkles, crows' feet and the pitiless stamp of age, they remain radiantly, gloriously young.

Age begins to tell at twenty-five

Age has no favorites. Skin specialists will tell you that time begins to record on the Anglo Saxon woman's face at twenty-five.

The traceries are faint at first, but surely and relentlessly they come unless steps are taken to halt the march macabre.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving stimulus the elastic skin fibres and the sub-cutaneous cells begin to relax. The process is slow at first—but more rapid as years pass.

Gradually the epidermal tissue hardens. The skin loses its elasticity and tension. The bloom of girlhood vanishes. Wrinkles, crows' feet come.

Now science has found a way to substitute for these precious youth hormones, the hormones of the hypoderma of certain young dasypodine animals—with the most amazing results.

How Amor Skin feeds youth hormones to starving facial cells

A famous German specialist in organotherapy, confrere of Voronoff and Steinach, perfected Amor Skin. By his remarkable discovery the hands of time are stayed and youth is literally fed back into hormone starved cells.

Until recently this great discovery was available only to a few women of European nobility. Compounded at enormous cost, these women gladly paid extravagantly for its precious benefits

Now the formulation of Amor Skin is being conducted on a somewhat larger scale. And as a result its aid is available to a wider group of women.

See how quickly youth returns!

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

When you buy Amor Skin for the first time do not look for an overnight miracle. It took time to put those lines and wrinkles in your face. They will not disappear until the hormone starved cells have been nourished by the active principle in Amor Skin.

But if you will follow the simple directions night after night, if you are sincere in your desire to attain results, gradually your mirror will tell the miracle of the revitalization.

Start Amor Skin treatment today and see what this marvelous preparation can do for you.

Present supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

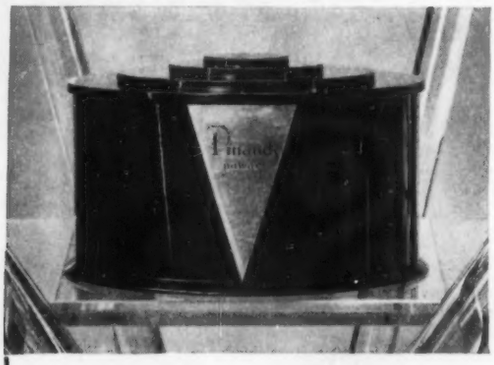
AMOR **SKIN**

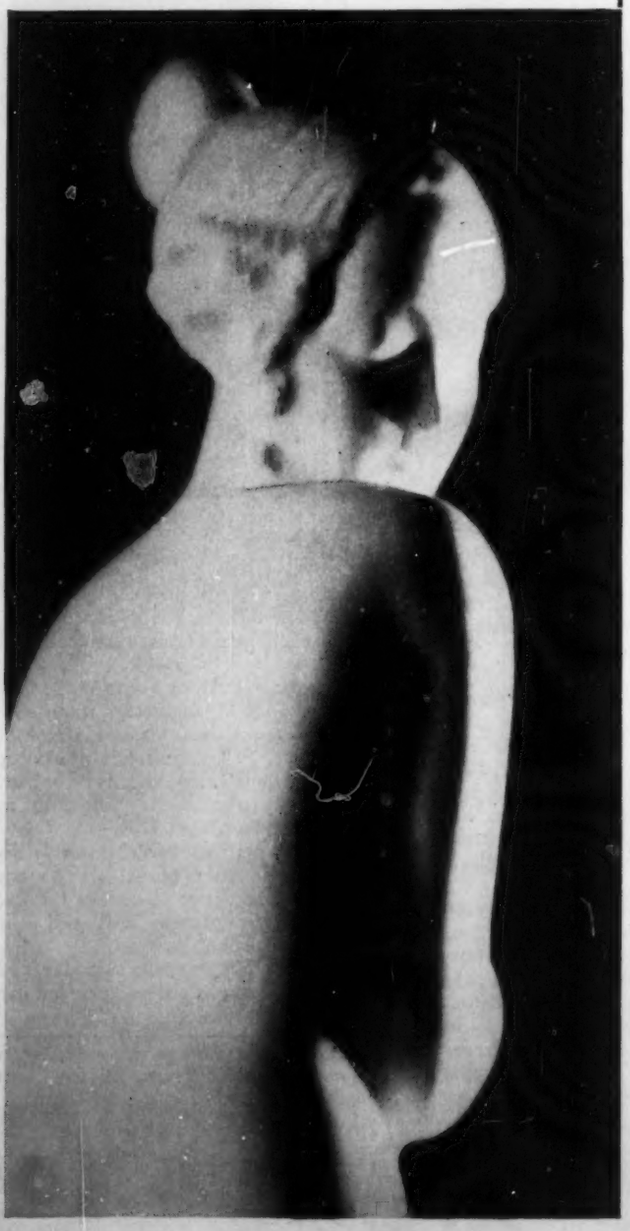
AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) $16.50
AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) $25.00

WRITE FOR INTERESTING BOOKLET: AMOR SKIN CORPORATION, 205 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

For seven years it was just a brilliant theory

TODAY EUROPE'S LOVELIEST WOMEN HAIL IT AS A REVOLUTIONARY ACHIEVEMENT! PINAUD'S NEW POWDER BLENDED WITH





SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL TYPE OF SKIN!

It seems not to be powder at all, but *you yourself!* Only—Never in your life have you seen —or felt—such loveliness! And it is a loveliness which lasts and lasts and *lasts!*

For this extraordinary new Powder is made in *two gradations:* each based on Pinaud's century and a half of study of the skin, each perfected after literally thousands of tests. TYPE ONE, for the skin inclined to oiliness; TYPE TWO, for the skin inclined to dryness.

So at the first touch of your puff, it actually becomes a part of you—not just a layer of powder that conceals, but an exquisite heightening and perfecting of the flower-textured loveliness which is *you.*

You will find this new achievement in Beauty at your favorite shop. Six shades. Two dollars the box. Just ask for

the new powder

by Pinaud

PARIS · NEW YORK

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MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM · PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE · PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS

The Pierce-Arrow Sort of People

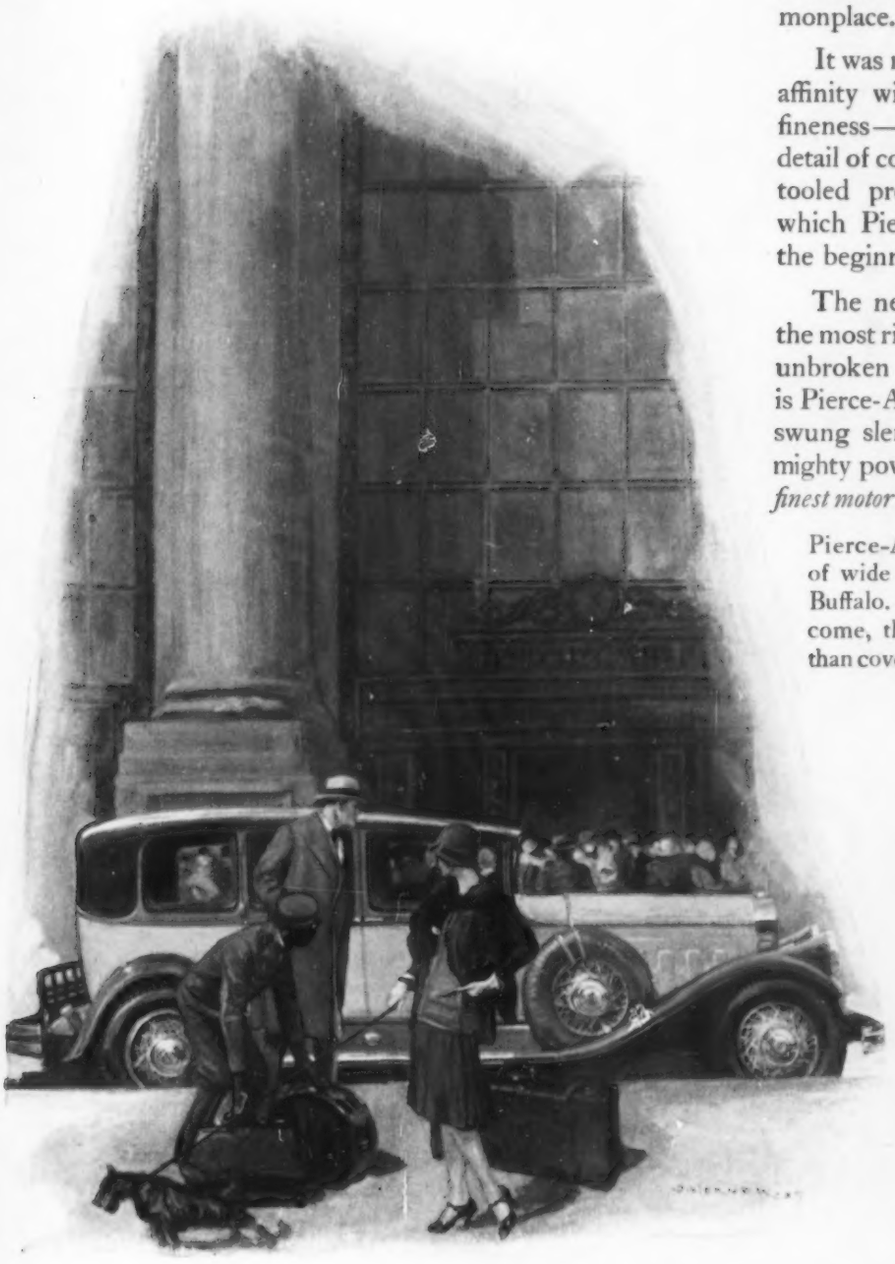
AMONG the very finest things that have been built by Pierce-Arrow is the character of following that so distinguishes this quality motor car.

The Pierce-Arrow sort of people are to be recognized by that excellence of taste which marks always the well-bred—never the commonplace.

It was natural that such people should find affinity with those traditions which inspire fineness—with the exquisite hand-wrought detail of coachcraft and the meticulous hand-tooled precisions of engine-building—for which Pierce-Arrow has been famous from the beginning.

The new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight is the most richly endowed automobile of a great unbroken line. It has a patrician beauty that is Pierce-Arrow at its proudest. Its long, low-swung slenderness envelops great ease and mighty power. It is easily *first among America's finest motor cars.*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate and of wide appeal: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.



A generation has grown up, between the Pierce-Arrow portraits reproduced on this page. One, painted in 1915, shows how smart New York appeared en route in that day. The other is today's version of the same subject—the same scene, the same quality of people, the same make of motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

Pearls are gems for connoisseurs in jewelry, and connoisseurs in pearls will appreciate the rare matching of the pear-shaped pearls in these earrings ($6,500); in the exquisite coloring of the Rosea pearl in the ring ($3,850). The brooch is priced at $4,000.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

PALM BEACH + + NEWPORT 5TH AVE. AT 57TH ST., NEW YORK PARIS OFFICE, 48 RUE LAFAYETTE

jay-thorpe

advises "lingerie touches"

And don't they simply *cry* for Lux—these feminine silk and linen touches that make one's sheer woolen frocks say *"1930"?*

Jay-Thorpe uses a lovely soft jersey for the street dress pictured above—tailors it divinely—adds egg-shell silk collar and cuffs—and the result is extraordinarily smart!

And so *practical*—if you use Lux! Jay-Thorpe—like New York's other exclusive couturiers—advises Lux because they find that

—*"Delicate fabrics stay new looking twice as long if they are washed always with Lux".*

Even the rare old family lace which smart brides bring to Jay-Thorpe to be used in creating their wedding gowns and veils, is washed in gentle Lux suds! Only the purest, safest soap can be trusted for such priceless fabrics. Naturally, Lux is chosen!

555
no. 555 - - - which we consider so important we present it in 20 modern colours - - - sheer chiffon ingrain silk. 2.95
216
no. 216 - - - the sturdiest medium-weight silk hose for general wear. all silk but with reinforced lisle sole. in 13 new shades. 1.85
440
no. 440 - - - a famous paris importation known for its picot top - - - and 31-inch length. 44 and 51-gauge. 4.50
416
no. 416 - - - a brilliant achievement! - - - a pure silk 4-thread 42-gauge chiffon hose. 1.85
no. 333 - - - the woman-of-fashion's perfect gift hose - - - a gauze-like french chiffon with the picot top - - - extra length. 3-thread - - - 51-gauge. 5.50
333
famous numbers
in
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exclusive with
SAKS - FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE the beginning of Man, religion has been at once his chief stronghold and his greatest source of annoyance. It has annoyed him because, however beautiful and comforting, it seldom worked perfectly. Yesterday we noticed, in a bookstore, a

little volume called "Religion That Works." We pondered that pragmatic title a long while, for it occurred to us that if anybody can make religion work, the American businessman, with his genius for organization, can. He has made everything else work; why not religion? Nor will he lack the opposition that spurs his competitive spirit: the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism is always on the job, and their president (a Mr. Smith) is listed in the New York telephone directory as "Smith Chas atheist."

THE incipient theatrical season has already brought forth a play in thirty-four scenes (or maybe it only seemed thirty-four) and the managers are at their annual plotting to astonish

us with novelties. There will be nothing revolutionary, however. There can't be. Back in 250 B.C. folks in Rome who went hopefully from their apartment houses to the theatre saw the same old sort of cast line up at the end of the last act and chant a joyous final curtain. Rome knew everything we know about stars, angels, the claque, thunder machines, and the property sword which collapses into its hilt. Greece had the aside, masks, and trapdoors. Twenty-five hundred years ago the Athenians marvelled, or possibly didn't, at real trees on the stage, living animals, canvas scenery that turned around, and gods that flew out of the flies on ropes. Athens had amplifiers, stage money, and comedians who gagged the audience—with the same old gags. As for plots, the tragic were all used up in the first hundred years, and by Plautus' time the comic writer gave up trying to think of any new ones and none of them since has tried to do more than borrow. The principal change in the theatre is one in tradition: bad actors are no longer flogged.

EVERY once in a while the people who run the elevated trains ("The Air Line") get fanciful. Being an

obedient customer, we always trail right along with them. The new posters in the car windows touchingly compare travel on the "L" with airplane riding. To help you along with this suggestion they point out similarities and present a drawing showing the grand old structure with a Zeppelin and several airplanes flying close overhead. Sitting opposite this, and letting ourself go, we readily attained the illusion that we were high in the clouds. We chose a tri-motored Ford for the ride and found it lots of fun. We soon realized, moreover, that we could carry the mood even further. By closing our eyes just before one of those jolting, harsh stops the "L" specializes in, we got all the sensation of jumping from the plane and hitting the ground after the parachute failed to open.

AN erstwhile friend discovered the other day that we were in some way connected with THE NEW YORKER, a publication. With startling

suddenness the friend's attitude toward us changed: there came to his voice a strange new note of sadness and disappointment. "What's the matter with being connected with THE NEW YORKER?" we shouted, possibly a little irritably. The friend replied that a magazine ought to take a definite stand on something—like the *New Masses*. Patiently we explained that we, too, had a mission, although we were pretty careful not to let it get round. "But," said the friend, with a brooding pity, "people don't want *humor* every *week!*"

Kitty, Kitty

A LOT of the valuable time of Mr. Fielder J. Coffin of the Sun Oil Company and officials of the New York Central was taken up lately by a cat belonging to Mr. Coffin's daughter, aged seven, which escaped from the arms of a valet while she was boarding a train and whist! was gone. The terminal manager and the general passenger agent were notified and they mobilized a large number of searchers. The posse was unsuccessful, but a baggageman told them that if one of their number would go to the baggage trucking room and wait the lost animal would inevitably be recovered, as large mounds of catnip are kept there to at-

tract the cats of the neighborhood, of which, surprisingly, there are dozens. The cats catch mice, of which there are hundreds. After a day and night of vigilance the missing cat appeared, as predicted, and was captured, and the New York Central went on about its business.

Brioni Notes

A FRIEND of Tunney is back from Brioni with news of what the ex-champion and his bride have done for that little island in the Adriatic. It somewhat parallels the story of Morley and Hoboken—about that far-reaching. Anyway Brioni was a dreamy nook before Tunney rented his villa. A small group of conservative Europeans used to sojourn on the island, quietly. There is no casino. There was never really a crowd. One hotel sufficed. This, and the whole island, are owned by one Kupelwieser, a genial Viennese, who inherited Brioni from his father and was peacefully living his middle age. When the Tunneys arrived the drowsiness began to dissipate. Within the past few months American notables have called in numbers, as well as the run of teachers, artists, and brokers. Vincent Astor's yacht lay off the harbor for a week, as did Otto Kahn's. Tom Chadbourne called with his yacht in July and took the Tunneys for a cruise. George Bernard Shaw turned up, explaining that he had been attracted by Tunney's vivid description of the place. The Bernard Gimbels arrived later and put up in a suite at the hotel.

Herr Kupelwieser has been flustered by it all. He couldn't tell one notable from another and still isn't good at it, but he says this will come in time and, rising to the occasion, has announced plans for new hotels and a casino. He also will rescind an order prohibiting automobiles on the island. His was the only one there until the Tunneys arrived with one, which they were allowed to keep by special dispensation.

Additional Phone Fact

MR. MATTHEW C. GRIFFIN'S name, together with his office and home telephone numbers, are not only listed in the Manhattan and Bronx books, where they properly belong (Barclay 6600, Kellogg 5110), but in the other directories of the city too—Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Queens. This is true of some other people also. We find that anyone can have this done, by paying an additional rate. It takes about a week, however, explaining reasons to the phone company and getting the idea over. As a matter of fact, while the phone company has assented in several instances, it still hasn't got the idea. It just surrendered. For instance, if a man in Staten Island thinks to himself, "Now I shall call Mr. Griffin of 2305 University Avenue, the Bronx," how is he going to know that he can find the number in the Staten Island book—and the Bronx book right beside it, anyway? . . . So it goes. One of those things it's best to quit thinking about.

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THE latest confusion reported at Macy's resulted when a woman ordered a carton of the mentholated cigarettes called Spuds, to be delivered to her home. She received a pretty heavy box of something. It turned out to be Idaho potatoes.

Selling Air

ROOSEVELT FIELD on a Sunday now is like a carnival or a county fair.

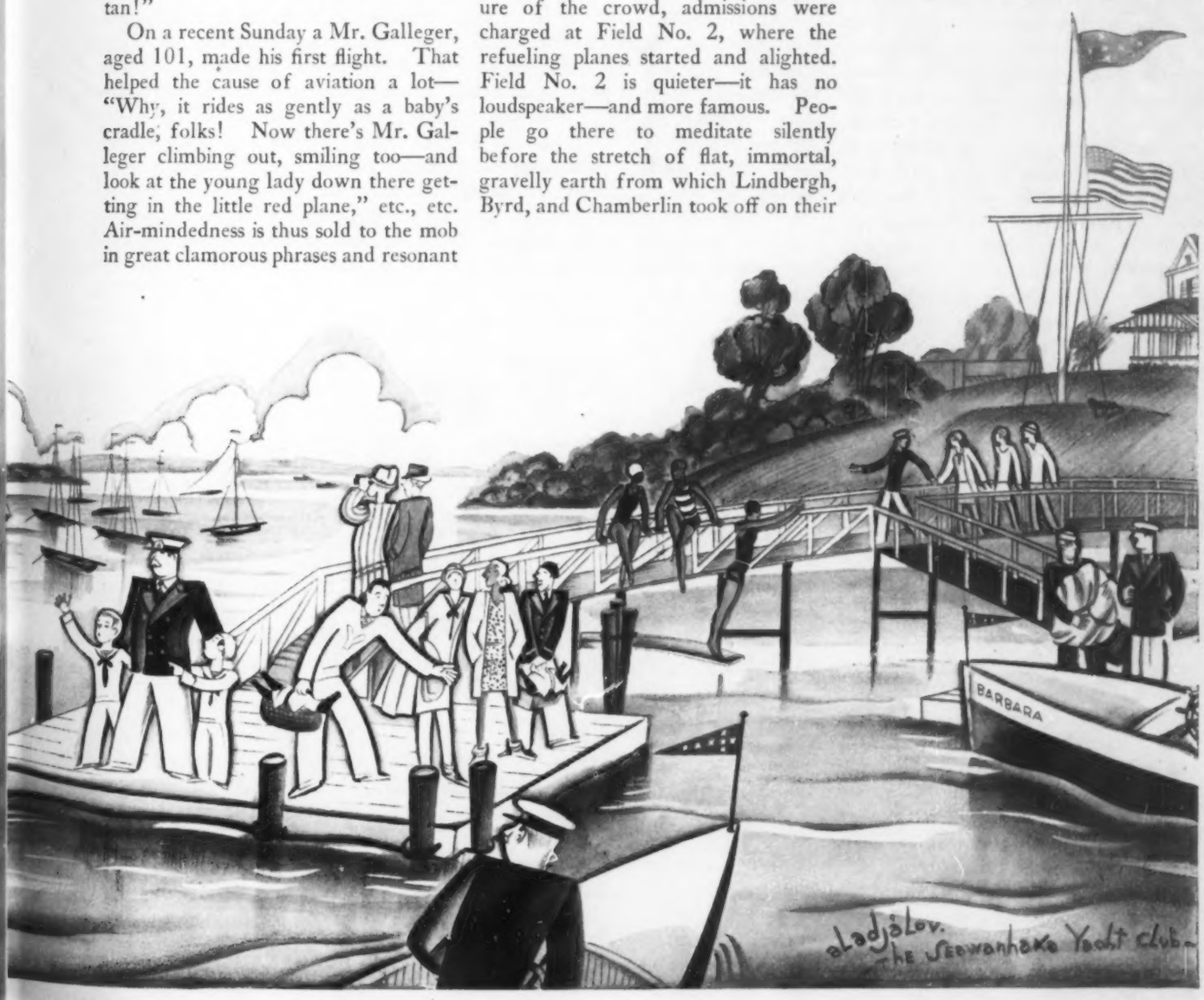
Crowds go out early and linger all day. A giant loudspeaker, erected at one end of a bleachers which holds hundreds of people, describes what is going on in a voice audible for an eighth of a mile. Airplanes, red, green, striped, zoom up from in front of the bleachers and land there. The announcer tells who the pilots are, what they have done, the makes of the various planes, the facility and delight of air-travel. His voice is never still. "Now, folks, watch that big red plane tuning up there—the one Joe's trying to crank—too many cigars, Joe—they're getting your wind—he'll wind 'er up all right though, folks—easy as rolling off a log. There she is! That plane has a replicah—a repli-cah of the Wright Whirlwind motor that Lindbergh flew to Paris. Now, folks, here come two eminent New York gentlemen who are going up for their first flight, Mr.—ah—George O. Cleep and Mr. C. R. Doakes, of Man-hattan!"

On a recent Sunday a Mr. Galleger, aged 101, made his first flight. That helped the cause of aviation a lot—"Why, it rides as gently as a baby's cradle, folks! Now there's Mr. Galleger climbing out, smiling too—and look at the young lady down there getting in the little red plane," etc., etc. Air-mindedness is thus sold to the mob in great clamorous phrases and resonant assurances. It sells like hot-cakes too. The people who go up are as mixed in type as a six-day-bicycle-race audience: flippant youths, neighborly women, businessmen, centenarians, children.

The crowds are entertained in various ways. Big cerise-colored balloons are sent up and Roosevelt Field pilots hunt them down—run into them aloft and explode them. Dummy bombs are dropped at targets. There's an occasional parachute drop. In between thrills, the people mill around from hot-dog counters to soft-drink stands, which do a tremendous business. We saw a man open up more than a hundred Coca-Cola bottles without stopping. Four of them were for a quartet of young bloods dressed in gaudy pajamas—the place is as faddish as a second-rate watering resort.

The Sunday that the Sun God plane from Spokane arrived at the field and was re-fueled in the air, for the pleasure of the crowd, admissions were charged at Field No. 2, where the refueling planes started and alighted. Field No. 2 is quieter—it has no loudspeaker—and more famous. People go there to meditate silently before the stretch of flat, immortal, gravelly earth from which Lindbergh, Byrd, and Chamberlin took off on their transatlantic flights. They stare at the small ridge against which Fonck's plane cracked up.

The Sun God dropped several notes, the last of which was weighted down with a heavy piece of lead. The pilot aimed badly and the thing fell like a shot, landing near a clump of people. "Mercy!" screamed a woman. "Misjudged," quietly said one of several pilots standing about—all unmoved by the incident which shook the nerves of the common people. Someone picked up the note, which was scribbled in pencil on a scrap of dirty paper and wrapped in an oily rag. "We have everything we need, Frank," it read. "Going to Cleveland." Frank, who is Captain Hawks, the man who flew across the country and back in less than thirty-six hours, read the note and tossed it away. There was a scramble for it, and a fattish husband won. He hurried away with the prize, like a dog guarding a bone, his wife's hand



squeezing his arm in admiration and delight. Theirs was indeed a full day.

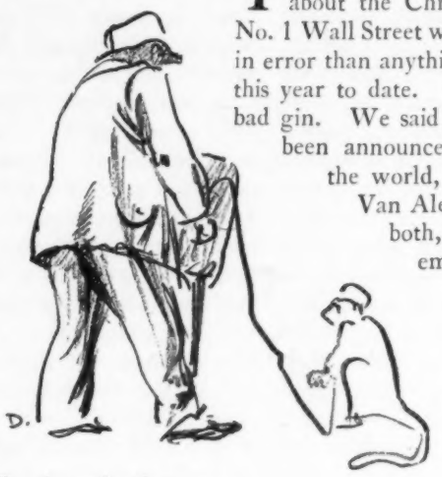
Nook

THE Earl of Feversham, who arrived on the Berengaria, was whisked away by American friends for a dinner at a place in the Fifties. The next day a fellow passenger, meeting him, asked how he had enjoyed his first evening in the city. "Splendidly," said the Earl. "We had a delightful dinner at a charming little restaurant—do you know it?—The Speakeasy."

Fire-Bug Man

HOW to stop a fire is the fire chief's problem; how it got started, that of the fire marshal, Thomas Brophy. One doesn't hear so much of the latter and his staff, but they do interesting work. Inspection is a large part of it—peering into areaways of buildings for oily waste and rubbish, examining fuse boxes for pennies, which are handy to use when a fuse blows out but likely to cause fires if there is a short circuit, and taking the pulse of buildings generally. The marshal can and does condemn many as fire-traps. Brophy's specialty, however, is pyromaniacs—it is almost his hobby. He keeps a card-index of known fire-bugs at his home in Brooklyn as well as at his office. The marshal, or one of his staff, goes to the scene of all "suspicious" fires—while they are blazing, if possible—to examine into the cause. Often the manner of the fire, or the particular region, coincides with the habits, or haunts, of some well-known fire-bug. If the fire was set for profit, the arsonist has probably made his escape, but the plain "bugs"—those who burn for thrill—are sometimes apprehended on the spot, because they like to stand around and tell about the fire. Brophy has caught a number of them by mingling quietly in a crowd at a blaze until he hears some wide-eyed fellow loudly describing the way it started. Brophy knows all the old habitual fire-bugs well. He sends them to institutions when they are caught, counsels them when they are dismissed as cured, and often finds them work. Some lay the torch aside and become good citizens. Others—incurables—backslide and usually fall into Brophy's hands again, thanks to his carefully kept record of their comings and goings.

Until recently Marshal Brophy carried no weapons. He had a sort of phobia against them. When he was a child his father, a policeman, took him to a hospital where the lad's uncle, also a cop, lay wounded from a shot fired in a gang battle. The injured officer said he hadn't used his own gun because he dreaded "having some poor fellow's blood on his hands." The Brophy squeamishness was thus passed on to Thomas, but he got over it one night when he was attacked by five men in a dark hallway while investigating a fire-for-profit. Brophy had only an electric torch but with it he felled and captured two of his assailants and sent a third reeling into a policeman's arms. The marshal now carries a blackjack and a revolver as his night equipment. He is out at night often. Officially he is on duty twenty-four hours and has three chauffeurs assigned to him, each working a different eight-hour shift. Brophy is often summoned from Father Cashin's famous early morning services at St. Andrew's, which he regularly attends, to investigate a fire.



One of Brophy's cronies, W. J. Daly, of the Board of Transportation, is a fire-buff. He keeps a fire-alarm by his bed and will get up at any hour of the night to go to a big fire. Once he dropped into Brophy's office when the latter was questioning a pyromaniac. Brophy whimsically introduced the abnormal fellow to Daly and asked him what he thought of a gentleman who was so interested in seeing a fire he would get out of bed on a cold winter night and go to it. "Plain nut," said the incendiary, solemnly.

Broadway

A YOUNG man with aspirations to be an actor called on Chamberlain Brown, the casting director, last week, bearing a letter from Mr. George Pierce Baker. Mr. Brown read the letter from Mr. Baker, who is Professor of the History and Technique of the Drama and Director of the Yale School of Drama, looked up at the applicant, and asked: "Can you hoof?"

Garbled

THE story we had two weeks ago about the Chrysler Building and No. 1 Wall Street was more thoroughly in error than anything we have printed this year to date. It must have been bad gin. We said both buildings had been announced as the tallest in the world, that Mr. William Van Alen was architect for both, and was thereby embarrassed, etc. The fact is No. 1 Wall Street, Voorhees, Gmelin & Walker, architects, has no ambitions to be the tallest building in the world. It's the Manhattan Building. When finished it will be eight hundred and thirty-six feet high, twenty-eight feet higher than the Chrysler Building. From the many architects and others who telephoned and wrote us about this we did, however, get facts on the tallest-building-in-the-world situation which we trust are conclusive. Two new structures are planned which will top the Manhattan Building: Mr. Goelet's building in Lexington Avenue between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets, and a sort of airplane lighthouse which Colonel Green, Hetty's son, has in mind for his estate near New Bedford. It will be one thousand feet high, considerably higher than the Eiffel Tower, and the tallest structure of any kind in the world.

Hard To Please

ONE of those querulous, put-upon executives looked up from his desk to see an underling standing at his side, ready to make a report. "The telephone system has been entirely reorganized throughout the offices, as you ordered, Mr. Balch," said the underling. "Do the phones cause any trouble, sir?"

Mr. Balch was in one of those moods of his when nothing satisfies him. He glared.

"They still ring!" he bawled.

Birds on the Bowery

MR. LOUIS RUHE, with a shop at 351 Bowery, handles most of

the city's wholesale canary-bird business. He sold about half a million last year, and a lot of cockatoos, macaws, love birds, jays, and parrakeets besides. Business has been booming and he thinks the fashion for living in penthouses has had something to do with it. Perched so high in the air, people suddenly become bird-conscious, so to speak, and install aviaries.

Not all Mr. Ruhe's traffic is in birds, however. Some years ago he added a side-line of lions, tigers, boa constrictors, and such, intending to sell them to circuses and public zoos. He soon found that there was a private demand for these animals as well. Mr. William Randolph Hearst is a steady customer, buying antelope by the hundred for his ranch at San Simeon, California. Many Long Islanders now maintain private menageries. Mr. Arnold, of the original Arnold, Constable, has a collection embracing almost every known kind of cockatoo on his estate at Babylon. Mr. J. S. Phipps and Mr. W. C. Browning both have large and well-kept zoos on their country places.

Mr. Ruhe has agents scattered through all the jungles of the world, and can get you anything you want, from a Japanese robin to an elephant. He has his own menagerie, out in Woodside, where he keeps the more unwieldy animals until called for. The birds, however, are all kept in the shop on the Bowery. There are four floors of them, and they average about two thousand to the floor. Love birds, pale blue and paler yellow, are caged by the hundreds, like little choirs, twittering and caroling, and there are whole roomfuls of canaries, divided according to their song. The loudest singers are called "choppers:" they give forth a long clear trilling note and are the most expensive, costing about eight dollars each. The "Andreasberg rollers" are the coloraturas among canaries, while the Harz Mountain type have a mixed trill and roll. As a matter of fact, almost all the canaries in the world are bred in the Harz Mountains of Germany; whole towns there have no other occupation than breeding birds. It is all a matter of climate; it would be impossible, Mr. Ruhe says, to raise canaries in this country. Love birds cost about ten dollars a pair, though some rare varieties run as high as two hundred and fifty dollars. They are never sold singly; they pine away, alone.

Recently, there was a flurry in the love-bird business: the Japanese were buying them in unheard-of quantities. Prices soared, but fell again soon after, when the Japs began dumping home-grown love birds on the market; they had discovered that they could raise them too. Until then, France had a corner on the supply.

Revenge

AS a result of switching bootleggers, a gentleman of Sutton Place had a distressing experience. He was gaily serving about a dozen friends with new stock when his butler summoned him to the telephone. "This is your new bootlegger," said a strained voice. "Say, lay off the Scotch I sent you. I find it's all bad and you can't tell what might happen." The host paled, then gathered himself and helped the butler withdraw the dubious liquor. He next telephoned for his doctor. The latter, after examining two of the party who had been taken into the host's confidence, was reassuring. Next morning, after a restless night, the gentleman was relieved to find, by discreet inquiry, no evidence of ill-effect upon the part of his guests. Later in the day he was something other than relieved to find that it wasn't his new bootlegger who had phoned, but the old, abandoned one, who had done it out of cussedness. —THE NEW YORKERS

"Crackers and milk—as usual."

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

So You're Going to Look

1.

Some day, in an unexpected place, you will very likely meet an Old friend.

2

"—and to think you're just over in Silvermine!" says the O.F. "I'm just over in Westchester—next-door neighbors—drop in any time!"

5.

"Just a minute while I run thru these books," says the real estate man. "If he's in Westchester he's here."

6.

"Well," says the real estate man at last—"I don't find him. Ask at the drug store, he probably comes down to buy aspirin."

9.

"Bear first to the left and then to the right," continues the insinuating florist, "And ask the man in the big house."

10.

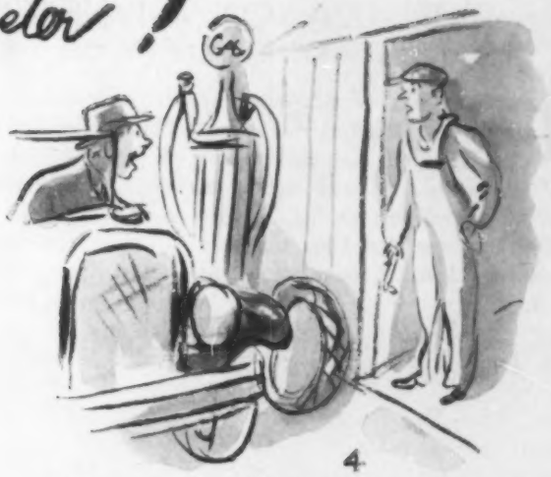
The man in the big house knew! Here you are at last and there's good old "So-and-So" coming down the drive.

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

up a Friend in Westchester!

3.

So very soon you decide to drop in on good old "So-and-So" over in Westchester. (It's a shame how you lose track of old friends.)



4

Nearing Mt. Kisco you ask at a filling station the way to "Mr. So-and-So's", and are advised to ask a real estate man.

7.

"No — he don't come in here," says the drug clerk." Ask the florist; Maybe he buys flowers."

8.

"Sure, I know who you mean," says the florist. "Lives with a couple of women, don't he?" "His sisters," you explain.

11.

"Hello," says he — not too enthusiastically, "are you coming to see me? I'm just going over to Long Island."

12.

"Oh no," you reply." We were just passing by."

Well, try and find your way back to Silvermine!

THE SEASON AT NEWPORT,

OR: THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE VANDERBILTS

MAY 15—Mrs. Vanderbilt may open The Breakers this season for the first time in several years. The Breakers has not been opened in several seasons. Last year The Breakers was closed but this year it will not be closed if Mrs. Vanderbilt opens it.

MAY 20—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James arrived today in their yacht, Aloha.

MAY 25—Mrs. Vanderbilt will definitely open The Breakers this season, it was learned definitely today, definitely.

Mrs. Vanderbilt Church drove her coach and four up and down today. Four out of five Vanderbilts drive a coach and four up and down before they are forty.

MAY 29—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fitz Simons. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice. It looks like a big season.

(Private and confidential — Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell will bust into society at Newport this season or die in the attempt. She as much as told her husband so this morning as they were having breakfast in the gold and blue Having Breakfast Room of their apartment on Park Avenue. She wants to take their daughter Sydney to Newport to meet some eligible young men. "How much will it cost?" asked Mr. Boutwell. She figured about five millions. "You better take ten, Lizzie," urged Mr. Boutwell, "you might need it. How do you want it?" Mrs. Boutwell said she would take it in ten one-million-dollar bills because they would be easier to carry than ten million one-dollar bills. "And don't call me Lizzie," added Mrs. B. "Do you think we're still back in Kenosha? Call me Elise.")

JUNE 9—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dollworthy Bantwell of New York and Paris have leased The Shack, the $3,000,000 gold Wixel villa on Bellevue Avenue, for the season and will entertain extensively. Their daughter, Sydney, will accompany them.

JUNE 11—Scoutmaster William H. Vanderbilt gave a clambake at his farm today for 15,000 boy scouts. The farm was cluttered with clam shells and good deeds.

JUNE 12—Mr. John Nicholas Brown.

JUNE 14—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dullwether Bartnell, who have leased the $4,000,000 amethyst and ruby Wixel villa for the season, will arrive next week.

JUNE 16—Villas are opening like hot cakes. Ten opened yesterday. Eighteen footmen took eighteen girls strolling along the Cliff Walk last night. Fifteen of the girls were housemaids and three were débutantes. Eighteen scions of wealthy families took eighteen girls automobiling. Eleven of the girls were manicurists. America, thou great Melting Pot!

JUNE 17—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James arrived on the yacht Aloha. Commodore Vincent Astor arrived in his yacht, the Nourmahal. Drexels, Biddles, Thayers, and the Bishop of Rhode Island, are here in droves.

JUNE 20—Mrs. Vanderbilt arrived at The Breakers. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, formerly Gertrude Vanderbilt, dedicated a statue in Spain. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., left for California. The Countess Széchényi, formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, lives in Hungary. General Cornelius Vanderbilt is at Camp Dix. The sun never sets on the Vanderbilts.

JUNE 26—It is the most successful season this famous resort (this famous *old* resort) has had in years. For instance: Mrs. William Goadby Loew, the Lorillard Spencers, the Oliver Gould Jenningses, the George D. Wideners, Bailey's Beach (*exclusive* Bailey's Beach), Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Shipman once, Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Shipman twice, and Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Shipman three times and out. Not to speak of a clambake Senator William H. Vanderbilt gave at his farm today for 15,000 members of the Rhode Island legislature.

JUNE 27—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dallwuthy Bimpwell arrived today with their daughter Sydney, to occupy the $5,000,000 emerald and filigree Wixel villa, The Shack. Before she took her hat off Mrs. Bimpwell donated $75,000 to Mrs. Very Old Family's Milk Fund for Weaned Armadillos.

JULY 4—Mayor Mortimer Sullivan of Newport delivered the main address at the patriotic exercises today. He said the Spirit of '76 must not perish from the earth.

JULY 6—Oh boy, some season! Bailey's Beach was never so exclusive. Why, only yesterday a member of one of the oldest families here was asked to leave the beach because it had been rumored that he was in the habit of buying common stock.

JULY 8—A great many Iselins are here.

(Private and confidential—Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell had some

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"I enjoyed your little article in this month's 'Mercury.'"

of the more exclusive society writers in for tea today, July 10, and very good tea it was, too. The matter of the correct spelling of Mrs. Boutwell's name was gone into tactfully.)

JULY 15—Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell donated $150,000 to Miss Spinster-Daughter-of-an-Extremely-Doggy-Family's Fund for Mending the Chasubles of Altitudinarian Missionary Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. Boutwell, who is occupying the $6,000,000 platinum Wixel villa, The Shack, entertained at dinner for 400 last night. Twelve came. Give her time.

JULY 18—Some season, this. Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. Clews, Miss Edith Wetmore, Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. Williams Burden with an "s" on the Williams.

JULY 21—A terribly important matron caught her son, a Harvard sophomore, necking her maid, Olga, in the butler's pantry. "Cut that stuff out," stormed the matron, "or you'll never make Hasty Pudding." "I don't want to," said Olga, "I'm a maid, not a cook." "Shut up, I wasn't talking to you," was the matron's retort, only it was couched in more elegant English.

JULY 24—The Board of Governors of the Casino met today and passed resolutions denouncing Southampton. The consensus was that Southampton is just an old dune.

JULY 25—Guess how Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James and Commodore Vincent Astor arrived today. Oh, no fair! Somebody went and told you.

JULY 28—Somebody gave an incredibly swagger luncheon today. Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell, who yesterday gave $100,000 to Mrs. Big Number's Fund for Keeping the Ocean from Roaring While Mr. Perry Belmont Is Trying to Snatch Forty Winks, was not invited.

JULY 29—The Duke and Duchess of Wick and their daughter, the Hon. Queenie Cletterdale-Hompton, are visiting somebody pretty big. The butler is none too enthusiastic. He knows these dukes, and the size of the tips they generally hand out.

JULY 31—The Duke and Duchess of Wick left today. The butler was right. ("Give me a good Oklahoma oil magnate with social ambitions any

"Where did they put the microphone when they made that, Dad?"

time, when it comes to tips," said the butler, in a statement to the Associated Press.)

AUGUST 2—Bailey's Beach was so exclusive today that the Board of Governors just wouldn't let *anybody* on it.

AUG. 5—Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell saved Mrs. John Dowager's favorite Peke, "Mimi" ("Fifi") from being run over by a caviar truck on Thames Street today. Mrs. Dowager fainted. Mrs. Boutwell took her to The Shack, the $8,000,000 diamond Wixel villa which the Boutwells are occupying for the season, and revived her.

AUGUST 10—Richard Washburn Child spoke today before plenty of dowagers on "The Kellogg Peace Pacts in Relation to the Problems of Soviet Recognition, or Twenty Favorite Ways of Preparing Snails for Squeamish Luncheon Guests."

AUGUST 12—The score in the yacht-arriving contest is now as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James in the Aloha	76.
Commodore and Mrs. Vincent Astor in the Nourmahal	12.
J. Pierpont Morgan in the Corsair	4.7

AUGUST 16—Mrs. John Dowager, sometimes referred to as the "Mrs. Astor" of present-day society, gave a luncheon for seventy at O Sole Mio today in honor of Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell and her daughter Sydney.

AUGUST 20—Tommy Tailer did not win a golf cup today. Mrs. Vanderbilt Church was not seen driving her coach and four, and several white blackbirds were also observed.

AUGUST 24—Among those at exclusive Bailey's Beach today were Mrs. John Dowager, who had with her Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell, prominent in social circles, and Mrs. Boutwell's daughter, Miss Sydney Boutwell.

AUGUST 26—Frazier Jelke arrived by airplane today for the weekend. Seven Wagstaffs, three Brokaws, a couple of Thaws and Mrs. Tiffany Saportas gave luncheons. The place is thick with Goelets, Gerrys, Wideners and secretaries of embassies.

AUGUST 30—One of the most colorful social events of the season was the ball given last night by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell at The Shack for their daughter, Sydney. It cost $750,000. There were 45,000 electric-light bulbs. The champagne consumed by the butlers alone cost $9,750. Everybody was there.

SEPTEMBER 6—Society here was startled today by the news that Miss Sydney Boutwell, daughter of the socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dellworthy Boutwell, who have been occupying the $9,000,000 diamond and platinum Wixel villa this season, had eloped yesterday with George Fletcher, one of the Boutwell chauffeurs. They were married at Greenwich by Justice of the Peace Will Snoth. No comment on the elopement was forthcoming at The Shack today.

SEPT. 7—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James left Newport in their yacht, Aloha, today. Commodore Vincent Astor left in his yacht, the Nourmahal. Mrs. Vanderbilt will close The Breakers next week.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

"It's so disappointing, my dear. You get to Paris and—well—there you are!"

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

OUR GLADYS AT HOME IS JUST SEVEN

I

In a gilded, gambling salon
At a spa well-known and gay,
A man stood at a table
Where roulette was the play.
His fair wife stood beside him;
Their faces both were tense,
For luck was dead against him—
His losses were immense.
When down to his last thousand,
He turned as if he sought,
From his wife, an inspiration
What next to play, he ought.
She smiled, and quickly sensing
What he wanted, scratched a note.
With trembling hands he took it,
And read these words she wrote:

REFRAIN

"Our Gladys, at home, is *just* seven—
Why don't you *that* number try?
She always has brought us good fortune
And will now, dear. Never say die!
I can't believe if you gamble
With her in your thoughts, it's a sin—
So I'll pray hard to Heaven while *you* play for seven,
And I'm sure you can't help but win."

II

"A hundred on the seven,"
Said the man as players stared.
"You win," snapped out the croupier,
As the pill dropped. How he glared!
And so oft the seven repeated,
That ere the night was o'er,
The man recouped his losses
And won many thousands more.
As he cashed in his huge winnings,
He whispered to his wife,
"I'm finished now with gambling,
I've had enough for life—
Thank God for little Gladys
And the number of her years!"
Said his wife, "Won't she just *love* it
When those words I wrote, she hears?"

REFRAIN

"Our Gladys, at home, is *just* seven—
Why don't you *that* number try?
She always has brought us good fortune
And will now, dear. Never say die!
I can't believe if you gamble
With her in your thoughts, it's a sin—
So I'll pray hard to Heaven while *you* play for seven,
And I'm sure you can't help but win."

—C. KNAPP

"Heavens, Arthur, the iceman! <u>You</u> tell him."

THE UNBEARABLE HUSH

IN a way I suppose the resignation of Miss Toomey was a commentary on a machinal age. Although Miss Toomey had been old Mr. Grierson's secretary for several years, they didn't get along very well together. Miss Toomey thought old Mr. Grierson over-meticulous about such things as the number of "r"s in "embarrass;" and Mr. Grierson thought among other things that Miss Toomey didn't wear enough clothes. He explained that he was always afraid she was going to fall out of her teddy-bear and it made him nervous. "Teddy-bear" was a generic term with old Mr. Grierson for any item of feminine apparel upheld by shoulder straps, and in this case I imagine its use was called forth by the fact that a narrow band of pink occasionally slid from Miss Toomey's plump shoulder and down on to her arm. It never seemed to concern Miss Toomey, who twitched it back with a barely perceptible shrug, but old Grierson belonged to another generation, besides being a bachelor. Altogether they got pretty much on each other's nerves, and I think it was simply inertia that kept him from firing her and it was probably the same thing that kept her from resigning before she did.

Oddly enough the resignation of Miss Toomey followed a very minor incident. It was on a Saturday afternoon and Miss Toomey apparently wanted to go to Long Beach with her young man. He had been courting her for some time in the tentative, inconclusive manner peculiar to his stratum, and as Miss Toomey had a pleasant, opulent figure, I suspect that she counted on her appearance in a bathing suit for the little extra fillip necessary to force him to a declaration. There was an almost militant chastity about Miss Toomey and I'm probably libelling her, but at any rate I know that she was furious when old Grierson told her she'd have to stay and finish some typing he'd given her.

MISS TOOMEY'S connection with Blount & Company had survived a great many of these incidents, and I didn't think much about it when she came flouncing out of Grierson's

". . . Now the big one is the new Goldfleck apartment. It took 'em two and a half years to build and cost a total of three million five hundred thousand."

office and sat down at her machine. In the past Miss Toomey's conduct on these occasions had always followed a pretty definite pattern; for a little while she'd sit staring at the typewriter but all too apparently thinking about old Mr. Grierson. Finally, however, she always spun a sheet of paper into the machine and began to type.

Miss Toomey's typewriter was an ancient, battered model, capable of an atrocity of sound that would have done credit to a riveting-machine. In some way, however, it appeared to have a sedative effect upon her, for as the clamor she made soared, Miss Toomey's expression of fury gradually abated. The climactic bang of the carriage as she swept it back from the end of a line even brought a slight smile to her face which became beatific when, as frequently happened, it was greeted by low sounds of pain from the inner office. The typewriter was Miss Toomey's vehicle of self-expression; its vehement staccato said those things about Mr. Grierson which the economic structure made it impossible for Miss Toomey to say herself.

I was so familiar with the scene that I was able to follow Miss Toomey's activities without looking at her. I heard her mutter. Then the drawer opened and I knew she was getting a piece of paper. I heard her spin it into the carriage and waited for the inevitable uproar. It didn't come. Instead the room was filled with what I can only describe as a gentle purring, a sound as soft and tentative as the whisper of rain on a lawn. It stopped abruptly and I looked up to see Miss Toomey staring with a gathering wildness at the machine before her. She bent forward, the purring began again, and I understood. Old Mr. Grierson had bought Miss Toomey a noiseless typewriter, and henceforth her exasperation would be audible only as a well-oiled murmur.

I'm afraid I laughed, because she swung on me passionately.

"You think it's funny the way he treats me, do you?" she cried. "Well, you can tell that old woman he can't bully me! I'm through!"

She was. —Wolcott Gibbs

"She told me
I was just like
a lark singing in her heart."

O. SOGLOW

• •

OF ALL THINGS

SOME people wonder why Mr. Hoover likes to associate with possums. Anybody who has ever spent a weekend with a noisy Senator would understand.

•

Mabel Willebrandt has explained everything nicely. She is now highly popular with everybody except the wets and the drys.

•

William M. Bennett is running for mayor on a pledge to dry up New York. This is our idea of a nice permanent job with no future and very little present.

•

A man left three thousand dollars to Princeton because he felt that he owed that much on the education he bought there. If they are going to figure as close as that a person should be allowed to deduct for the cost of overconfidence in the football team.

•

As we understand the news from The Hague, the debt settlement has been postponed on account of Snowden.

•

Wrigley's Cubs are now practically sure of the National League pennant. In this devastated region they are unpopularly known as Chicago gummen.

•

Senator Smoot believes that sugar, salt, pepper, and water are given away free in restaurants. This brings up the troublesome old question as to whether Senators should be told the facts of life.

•

California restaurant men complain that the new duties on green vegetables constitute a tax on vitamins. We suspect the administration of pandering to the spinach-hater vote.

•

Henry Ford says he would quit making cars if prohibition were repealed. It would be a great pity to have Detroit's two leading industries destroyed at one blow.

•

The Peruvian chargé d'affaires resigned his office rather than give up a servant he had lifted from the Poindexter family. The idea would seem to be that a person with two good servants doesn't need a job.

•

Mrs. Coolidge says in the *American Magazine* that she did not know about the famous do-not-choose message until after it was issued. But who was the first to find out what it meant?

—Howard Brubaker

• •

WITCH AND SPIDER

For the spider studying the sky,
Maker of almanacs,
The trussed delicious fly,
And the house with no tax.

For the witch with the spinning brain
Weary of reckoning time,
Her timeless dreams again,
And words with no rhyme.

They borrowed the forester's hut.
But neither dwelt therein:
And both did little but
Sit and spin.

One by geometry
Divided false from true.
The other could not see
That point of view,

But snared the singing light
Like a strange bird in the strands
Of her dark hair and all night
Held it hid in her hands. . . .

Then tossed it free. Dawn came an instant after.
The spider watched her from his diamond rafter.

—Genova Charlot

PROFILES

ITALIAN TABLE D'HÔTE

Fiorello H. La Guardia

INNUMERABLE reasons, the chief among them Jimmy Walker, caused the more desirable possibilities to flee in precipitate haste when Sam Koenig and other G. O. P. bosses appeared bearing the Republican mayoralty nomination on an engraved platter. In the end, Fiorello H. La Guardia had to be endorsed in the unofficial city convention: first, because he was the only man with nerve enough to combat the reëlection of Walker; second, because he uttered threats of a primary battle in case he was turned down.

On the night of August 1, the party assembled in the ornate Mecca Temple and bowed to the inevitable. With fixed smiles and synthetic cheers, the delegates told this maverick of the herd that he might go forth against Tammany Hall. In their hearts there can have been little cheer, however. Half of them viewed La Guardia as, in the language of the Silk Stocking district, "impossible." The rest knew him as a Socialist, a foe of prohibition, a menace to Americanism, common, vulgar, and undisciplined. They had applauded a suggestion by Emory Buckner that Walker be branded "Jimmy the Jester" for campaign purposes, but the respectables of Republicanism asked themselves whether this American-Italian Congressman was not even more of a clown. The bosses, looking deep into the mysterious substrata of municipal politics, wondered if it would be worse to have him win or lose. Victorious, he might again romp off the reservation. If he lost, the prestige of the leaders would sink still further. On the morning after the convention even the *Herald Tribune* bemoaned the selection. It darkly intimated that Jimmy the Jester might be preferable; but it was careful to leave a loophole making enthusiastic support of La Guardia possible at a later date.

IT will be well for the conservative members of the party to do likewise, for their unwelcome candidate has a habit of winning when the odds are all against him. In September of 1919 Sam Koenig suggested him for Aldermanic President, and was told that La Guardia was happy in his job of Congressman. He was summoned from Washington for a conference.

"I don't want to leave the House," he said. "I like it there."

Sam smiled guardedly, recalling that no Republican had won a city-wide election in years. "You probably won't have to leave, Major," he replied, "but we need you to strengthen the ticket." La Guardia agreed to run, half hoping that he would lose. But he won, sliding into office by a handful of votes, as he usually does. His participation in the deliberations of the Board of Estimate brought about a strange alliance, one causing acute anguish to those who take their civic affairs heavily. La Guardia and Comptroller Craig began to battle from the first session, and Hylan, who could not endure Craig, gazed at the chunky ex-aviator with benevolent approval. One day the animosity reached fever heat, and the Comptroller leaned over toward the Mayor.

"Hit the little wop on the head with the gavel," he pleaded.

Hylan declined, however, and his relations with Fiorello have been cordial ever since. Although an avowed independent candidate himself, he was one of the first persons to offer congratulations after the Republican city convention. La Guardia agrees with most of his policies, and for several days it seemed possible that "The People's Mayor" might support the Republican ticket. Then he turned a complete somersault by withdrawing his own candidacy and announcing his hope that Jimmy Walker would win. He was obviously piqued because the G. O. P. had not turned to him in its hour of need. A truly strong ticket, he said, would have been: Hylan for Mayor, La Guardia for Aldermanic President.

It is quite impossible to classify La Guardia. During the past fifteen years he has run for office as a Republican, a Progressive, a Socialist, and an Independent. He was endorsed by both the Republicans and the Democrats when the Socialists endangered America by nominating Scott Nearing for Congress. He was elected Aldermanic President on an anti-Hylan ticket; a few years later he came close to finding himself on an anti-Tammany ticket with the statesman from Bushwick. He returned from the war to plead for the League of Nations. In 1924 he bolted his party to support La Follette, and said that the election of Mr. Coolidge was "the direct result of a skillfully vicious campaign of fear." The bankers, he added, had been in the saddle.

THE situation becomes all the more grave in the face of La Guardia's complete lack of suavity, his all-too-evident crudities. He cannot make a speech without injecting his favorite adjective, "lousy," into nearly every paragraph. The crowd laughs when he speaks, but the Best People cringe.

It is La Guardia's good fortune that the personalities with which his speeches abound are usually omitted from next morning's papers. In print, they might be merely offensive. But when he is speaking, the lapses from good taste are sandwiched between violent attacks on the Democratic (or Republican) Party. They are conceived on the spur of the moment, and as he utters them La Guardia's voice changes from a roar of denunciation into a sly falsetto. Spontaneously offered, they are undeniably funny.

Only on the floor of Congress, where the rules permit slugging, does Fiorello get really rough. Once he was speaking in favor of an appropriation for a façade of a federal building planned for New York when Mr. Wingo of Arkansas, one of the handsomest members, remarked that this looked amazingly like pork.

LA GUARDIA—"Does the gentleman from Arkansas know what a façade is?"

WINGO—"Yes. It is the same thing to a building that a snout is to a hog;

it is the front part, and a pork-eater ought to know what a façade is."

LA GUARDIA—"If the gentleman from Arkansas were less interested in his own façade, and more in the *inside* of his head, he'd be a better legislator."

THAT there are few subtleties to him, and fewer refinements, may be due to the furious activity which is the pace of his life. The "Little Flower," as his name is literally translated, was born on New York's East Side in 1882, the son of Achilles La Guardia, who had recently arrived from Foggia. A year or so afterwards the elder La Guardia became a bandmaster with the Eleventh Infantry, and the flower of the La Guardia tree began a life among soldiers and cowboys in Dakota and Arizona army posts. When he was twelve or thirteen, Fiorello announced that he intended to become a jockey, pointing out that he had learned to ride the wildest mustangs of the plains. His father would not hear of it. A career as musician had been decided upon, the son was told. If he would retire daily to some isolated part of the prairies, and there practice upon wind instruments, nothing could prevent his being a second Sousa. In the end, a compromise was effected. Fiorello abandoned his racing aspirations. All that remains of the weary hours of tootling on the desert is an amateur virtuosity on the cornet. Often on spring evenings, when La Guardia lived in Q Street in Washington, could be heard the penetrating notes of this instrument. It was the Gentleman from the Twentieth New York District running over one of the lighter Italian operas.

He was fifteen when he had his first attack of wanderlust. The Spanish-American War called his father's regiment to Tampa, and the son scraped together enough money to join him, doubtless in the hope that he might continue to Cuba. The troops remained in Tampa, however, and Fiorello became deathly ill from the rotten beef sold to the government by the patriots of the nineties. The memory of that sickness never left him, nor did his anger fade. When the United States entered the World War, La Guardia had been in Congress for a few weeks. He immediately offered a bill making the fraudulent sale of goods to the government a felony punishable by death in time of war.

At nineteen he felt moved to see the world and, on the basis of a high-school education gained at Prescott, Arizona, he obtained appointment to the consular service. Stationed at Budapest and Trieste from 1901 to 1904, La Guardia found himself seri-

"Any more lucky homestead seekers to take the free special train to beautiful Jamaica Mawr Braes?"

ously handicapped because he did not speak the language of the polyglot nationalities seeking to emigrate to America. Within a comparatively short time he had mastered French, German, Italian (which he had never learned from his parents), and several Slav and Croatian dialects. Upon entering politics in New York City, he took up the most essential language of all—Yiddish. Today he speaks it fluently, with gestures.

"I also know a little English," he explains brightly.

Returning to America, La Guardia decided to study law, entered New York Law School, earned his way by working as an interpreter at Ellis Island, and was admitted to the bar in 1910. He lived, in those days, in Charles Street in the Fourteenth District, and was soon in politics. In 1914 he ran for Congress as a Republican and reduced the normal Democratic majority from five thousand to two thousand. In 1916 he was elected, and he has served in the House ever since, except when President of the Board of Aldermen. He now represents the Twentieth District, a teeming section of Harlem.

Meanwhile he was becoming the hero of New York's Italian colony, a guest of honor at all neighborhood fiestas, an orator who could pack any hall. It was inevitable that he should meet Giuseppe Bellanca, a youthful Italian with fantastic enthusiasms over aviation. It was inevitable, too, that La Guardia's restless energy should have been aroused by Bellanca's hobby. He went down to Mineola and learned to fly; this in the days when no plane could carry more than the pilot, and when the fledgling aviator made his first flight quite alone. As a result of Bellanca's tutoring, he became a competent flier, enlisted in the air service as soon as America was in the war, was sent to Italy for bombing, and became a major.

Among the immaculate, booted and be-spurred young war birds, he was a strangely unkempt figure. This was no dashing birdman, flaunting his silver wings. His uniform seemed to have been designed for a stable orderly. The breeches were atrocious, his cap was jammed over his head. He wore bulging puttees instead of Bond Street riding boots.

DRESS means as little to La Guardia today, and so does personal neatness. Chubby, rotund, his black hair disordered and his face a little grimy ten minutes after he has shaved, he will prove an amusing foil for the overtailored Jimmy Walker. Nor is this his only dissimilarity to New York's current mayor. Jimmy feels that it would be undignified to be caught working; La Guardia labors unceasingly. His Honor likes to appear amusing or witty, but he is never consciously ridiculous. Fiorello is willing to seem quite absurd as long as the resulting publicity calls attention to himself or the cause he advocates at the moment. In attacking the high cost of living from his seat in the House, he pulled first a lamb chop and then a beefsteak from his pocket and called upon his colleagues—and the gentlemen of the press—to gaze upon their microscopic size. He has sought, on a number of occasions, to bring upon himself arrest and incarceration. He outraged the drys in 1925 by fashioning what he swore to be excellent beer

"I hear the mail plane, Emma."
"Well, I'll turn down the beds."

out of malt tonic (4.12 per cent alcohol) and near-beer. He was elated when the prohibitionists warned him not to repeat the experiment. He immediately went to a Harlem drugstore and mixed the brew just as Patrolman John Mermella strolled by.

"I'm mixing beer," La Guardia pointed out hopefully.

"All right," said The Law.

"Why don't you arrest me?"

"That," answered the patrolman, looking a little hurt, "is a job for a prohibition agent." The belligerent Major waited for a dry agent, but none appeared and so he departed, crestfallen.

Another time his ambition to land in jail came closer to realization. He had joined some pickets in a clothing strike, and when they were arrested, clambered into the patrol-wagon. A policeman, recognizing him, forced him out, and he had to go to the police station in a taxi.

IT would be false to give the impression that La Guardia, as a member of Congress, is primarily comic. People laugh with him as often as at him, and he has won wide respect for his independence and for the unending attention he gives to the business of the House. In 1924, having supported La Follette, he was informed that he could not attend the party caucuses and that he would be kept off all important committees.

"I don't care," he said, "they can't keep me off the Committee of the Whole."

As a member of this—which includes, of course, the entire House—La Guardia has done really extraordinary work. Each afternoon he hurries to his office with a pile of bills, and studies them for hidden diableries. He is constantly in attendance, never leaving for lunch but contentedly munching peanuts and taking in everything with his sharp little black eyes. He may not be a proponent of important constructive legislation, but he is undeniably useful in these days when the Longworth machine rules the House. He is always attacking appropriation bills, tax-reduction statistics offered by Andy Mellon, and the navy's building plans. Soon after the war he called for a reduction in the size of the army, and the figures he offered were virtually those advanced by President Hoover a few weeks ago. He introduced a resolution for the outlawry of war in 1923. He was howling for the official head of Judge Winslow, and a bankruptcy investigation in New York, years prior to the scandal which forced the resignation of that jurist. He once found out that the army recruiting service had printed thousands of posters showing a snappy cadet and captioned "Do You Want to Go to West Point?" He figured out that only one man in twenty-five thousand goes to West Point from the ranks, and he insisted upon the destruction of the posters on the ground of fraud.

"Just my luck!
Shaved by a freshman again."

• •

IN his office, at home, on the floor of the House, La Guardia is literally never still. He can dictate letters to a secretary, talk in Yiddish to a constituent, brand some bill "lousy;" and pace up and down all the while puffing a two-and-a-half-cent cigar and gesticulating. Around him there is always chaos, dust, and smoke. He is always hurried. Thus in March of this year he announced that he had been married to Miss Marie Fisher, who for many years had been his secretary, and then dashed off when the bell rang for the convening of the House. Later that day, other girl secretaries crowded up to congratulate the newlyweds. La Guardia waved at them and grinned in mock regret.

"Sorry I can't marry all of you," he said.

Matrimony will make little difference, one feels. Fiorello will continue to give mad parties at which he will don a white apron and fashion delectable spaghetti dishes. He will continue to make a buddy of Representative O. J. Kvale of Minnesota, who succeeded Andrew Volstead in the House, who is a Lutheran minister, and an ardent dry. He will continue to abuse his party colleagues from the floor, and entertain them with Italian dishes and cornet music at night. He will always be a little out of breath, dishevelled, in a high state of excitement about something. He will, even should the impossible again happen and land him at City Hall, remain quite without swank.

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE WAYWARD PRESS

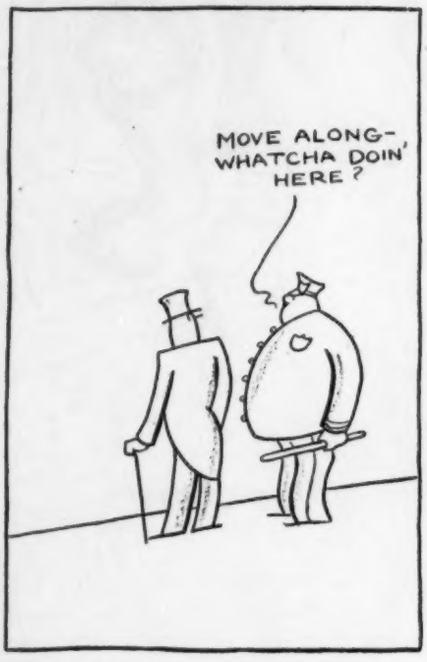
THE CROYDON EXHUMATIONS

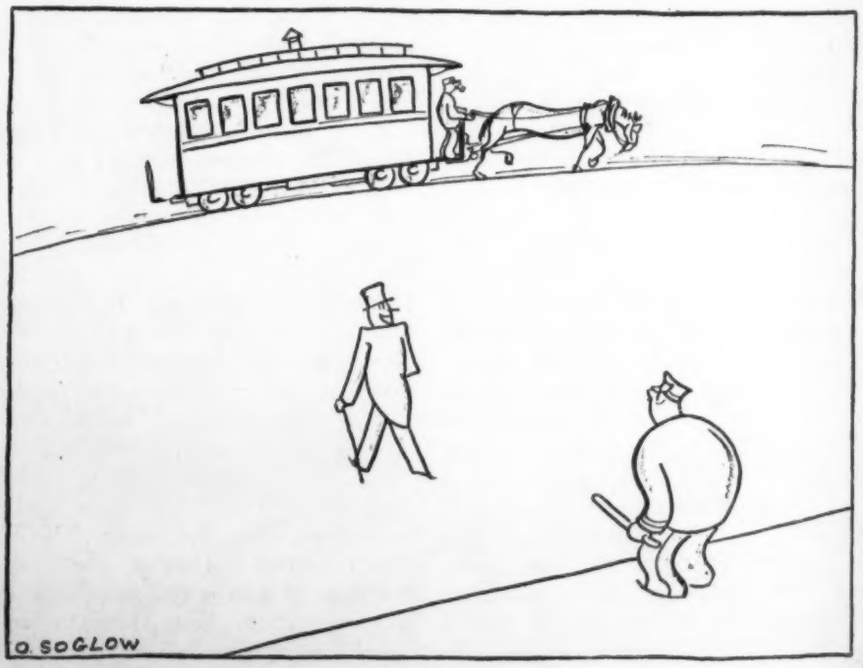
LONDON, AUGUST 21

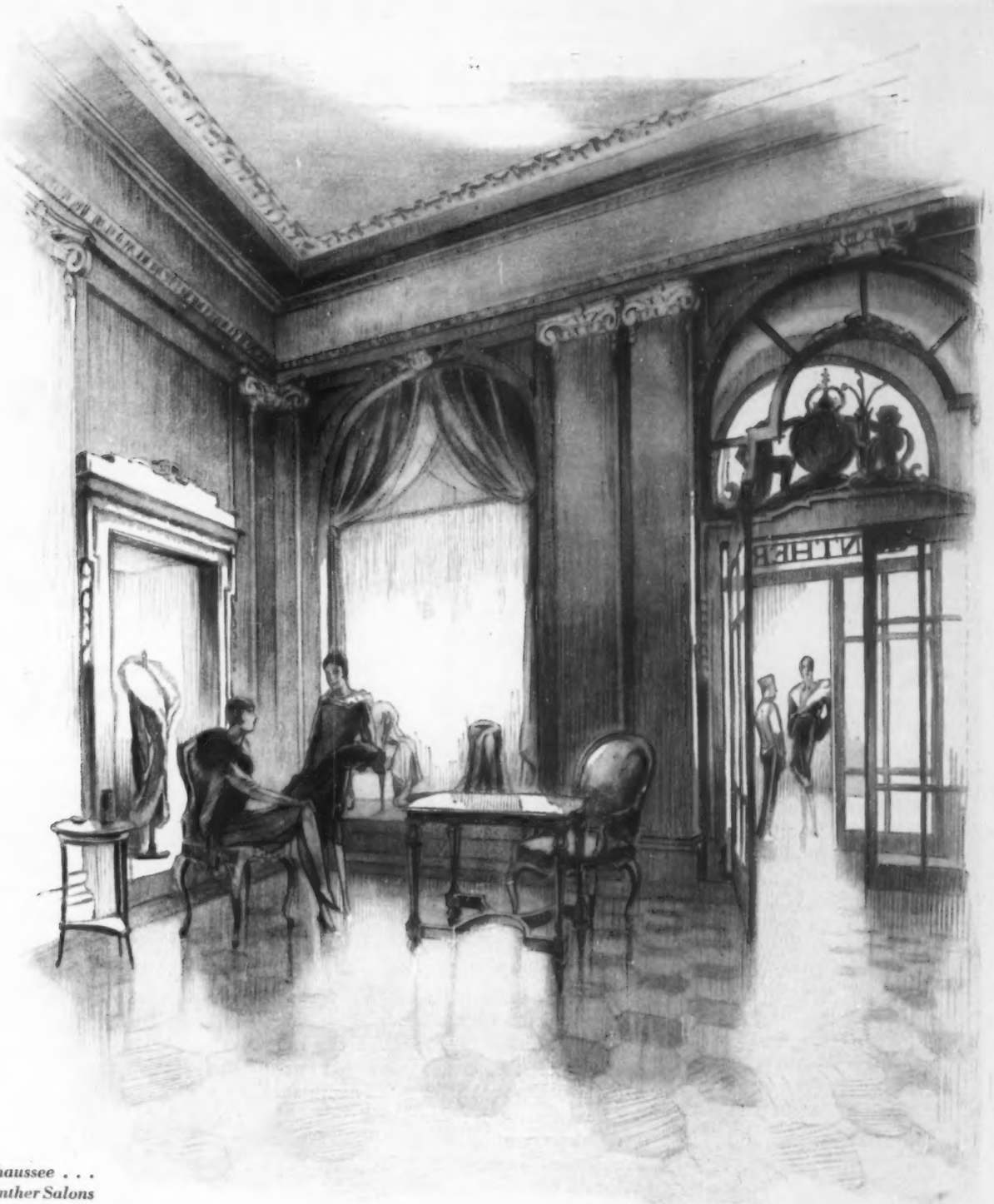
SOMEHOW the legend has taken hold in America that English newspapers are dull. How this ever arose is a mystery, for one would think that the average American, on picking up the average English paper, would be held spellbound by it, since it has the same elements which make the tabloids popular in America. Even the *Times* and the *Post*, in their ponderous, silk-hat manner, have a touch of the yellow, and print things that would make the New York *Times* and *Post* bite their under lips and glance nervously at their nails.

Let there but be a good murder, or a good domestic scandal or, better yet, a good case for Havelock Ellis, and every newspaper on the island will take off its coat and jump into it. There are some, like the *Mail*, the *News*, or the *Chronicle* (and, of course, the tabloids), which throw their hearts into it a little more and run pictures and special articles on "Why I Poisoned My Husband" and "Did I Do Wrong to Wear Men's Clothes?," signed by the culprits themselves. But even the old boys, the *Times*, and *Post*, and the *Telegraph*, print every word of the testimony, including side questions by the judge and mutterings by the accused, sometimes giving over a whole, gigantic page to a six-point transcript of what was said. It makes fascinating reading and we recommend the practise to our own dignified press. There is probably no more exciting reading in the world than "Q.—Where were you at 6 P.M. on the evening of August 12? A.—I was sitting in an armchair reading," and when it comes to "Q.—Did you notice any particular resistance when you tried to choke your wife?" the strain on the reader is hardly to be borne.

There has been a duck of a poisoning case agitating the British press all summer, to the exclusion of foreign affairs and even the drought. It is a case which would perhaps have got one long story in the American press, followed by occasional shorts, with a gradual loss of interest all around except possibly in one of the tabloids. They have dug up a Mr. Edmund Creighton Duff who died "from natural causes" some time ago, and found that arsenic played a large part in his demise as it had done in the demise of several of his relatives, who have also been brought out and looked into from time to time. The entire British press has given itself over to an exhaustive transcript of the coroner's inquest, with the *Times* each day giving two or three columns to it under the dignified running-head "The Exhumations at Croydon." And, although the *Times* maintains its standards of the best in British journalism by calling them "exhumations," it joins the *Mail* and the others in reporting: "The Coroner next asked Mrs. Duff why she and her husband occupied separate bedrooms. *Mrs. Duff.*—He used to snore and read at night. I don't know why we did it, but we sort of arranged it from the start. He also used to smoke in bed, and thought that I should not like it,







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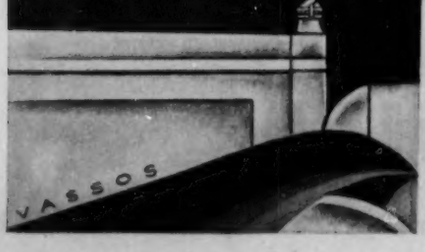
Ask the man who owns one



and he used to get up early in the mornings and write articles."

Not that there is anything in that which a reputable British paper should not print, but, coupled with five hundred other questions and answers along the same lines, it reduces the limitation of armaments, which gets perhaps two sticks, to rather a minor world subject. It also disposes of the claim that British newspapers are dull.

THE whole theory of news-reporting in England is based on the reduction of every event to a personal basis, which is the secret of popular appeal in journalism. Whole pages in the *Mail* and *News* are given over to items dealing with nothing else but the misfortunes which befell Horace Beddoe, an accountant; Alice Hammington, a secretary; or John Glyndor Treharne Thomas, a drunken doctor. None of the dull Western Electric Company news that the New York *Times* features, none of the Southampton society notes of the New York *Herald Tribune*, just news of plain folk who have got into trouble. There is hardly an item in the daily press of London which is not readable for itself, although the *Times* and the *Post* make a brave effort to be impersonal and heavy. Everywhere crop out distinct personalities, and, after reading an English newspaper, one could almost draw a picture of the fifty or sixty individual Britons who have received attention.

THE readers of the papers do their share in the makeup of the papers, and the letters to the editors show how little concerned they are with the dull affairs of the world. British newspaper readers are always in a high state of excitement over birds and trees and the derivation of words. The *Times* has been running a series of bitter letters from readers on "The Scarcity

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To an
Exclusive
FEW
this announcement is directed

A LOFTY triplex of fifteen rooms designed for the discriminating person who desires a perfect and complete town house high up among the clouds. This unusual suite occupies the entire 30th, 31st and 32nd topmost floors of the Hotel Delmonico, New York's newest and smartest apartment hotel. No other apartment suite in New York has its spacious grandeur, equalled only in the larger private home.

Rental: $45,000

Other suites of all sizes, furnished or unfurnished, many with large terraces. Leasing from October first, immediate occupancy.

JOHN F. SANDERSON
General Manager

HOTEL
DELMONICO
Park Avenue at 59th

Its action is "CERTAIN" *says noted skin specialist*

DR. CLÉMENT SIMON of Paris is the editor of important French medical journals. He is an Officer of the Legion of Honor. During the World War, he was head of the Dermatological Base of the French armies in Italy.

MOST recent of famous doctors to add the weight of his distinguished opinion to the almost world-wide advocacy of yeast for health is Dr. Clément Simon, skin specialist of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris. Dr. Simon brings new hope to all who suffer from embarrassing skin eruptions.

"Fresh yeast," Dr. Simon says, "has properties which are certain in the treatment of some skin troubles and especially furunculosis (boils). Yeast introduces into the system substances endowed with powerful biological activities."

A bad skin—like bad breath, indigestion, headaches, "nerves"—usually indicates an unclean, unhealthy intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast—the remarkable corrective *food*—contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract, they combat the poisons generated by clogging food residues, and purify your whole system. The skin clears, spirits rise, health and happiness ensue.

For blooming cheeks and vibrant life, eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day. To benefit fully you should of course eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time—it will keep in any cool, dry place. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. Y105, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

"When my skin broke out I had visions of a ruined vacation"

Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college one hates to miss any of them. But I guess I overdid it with too much going around to parties. This spring I was completely run down. Later my skin broke out with pimples. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total flop. Dad suggested yeast. I tried it—and was delighted to see my skin clearing up in a very short while. I haven't a sign of a pimple now—and my health is fine."

CORA HANSON

Long hours of exacting work

"Long hours of exacting work in the bacteriological laboratory got me in a very run down condition," writes Mary M. Frey of New York. "I suffered so from boils and sties that I was afraid I would be forced to give up my position. At the suggestion of a friend I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. To my delight, the boils and sties soon disappeared and have never troubled me since."

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SHERRY-NETHERLAND

A few suites in this luxurious tower residence are kept available for short visits to New York. Each serviced by Sherry-trained domestics. Each with the proportions and atmosphere of the fine established home . . . and an address of many advantages.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

of House Martins," and it looks as if the issue were about to be brought to a head before the winter sets in. There has also been quite a discussion raging on the subject of "Mesmerism Among Birds," with Dr. Reginald H. Noott, of Cooden, Sussex, having the last word so far. This department intends to keep in touch with the British press during the rest of the year, however, in order to see how it comes out, and will report from time to time in these columns.

We missed the first letters to the *Times* on "Golf: A Larger Hole," but the ones which are running now display intense feeling and evidently spring from something very insulting said by the original correspondents. One of the recent ones, Mr. Gerard F. T. Leather, begins by saying: "Sir—I have no wish to take part in the discussion on the subject: 'Golf: A Larger Hole,'" and then proceeds, evidently much against his will, to take part in it with considerable venom, agreeing with an earlier correspondent named L. L. Hunnybun.

Thus are the affairs of the Empire safe in the hands of her subjects, and the old truth brought home again that Britons never, never shall be slaves.

As we found in the French press, America figures largely in the English news and in no agreeable light. Whenever you see the word "America" or "American" in a headline, you may be sure that the story is either one of big naval construction, gang-warfare, extreme heat, or some personal *gaucherie*. In the case of young Mr. Richard Joshua Reynolds (who, it must be admitted, received a remarkably light sentence for running down and killing a motorcyclist), the headlines never failed to refer to him as an "American," in spite of the fact that the accident was one which has its parallel many times a year among British motorists. It is always "American Charged with Manslaughter," or "Case of American Driving While Intoxicated."

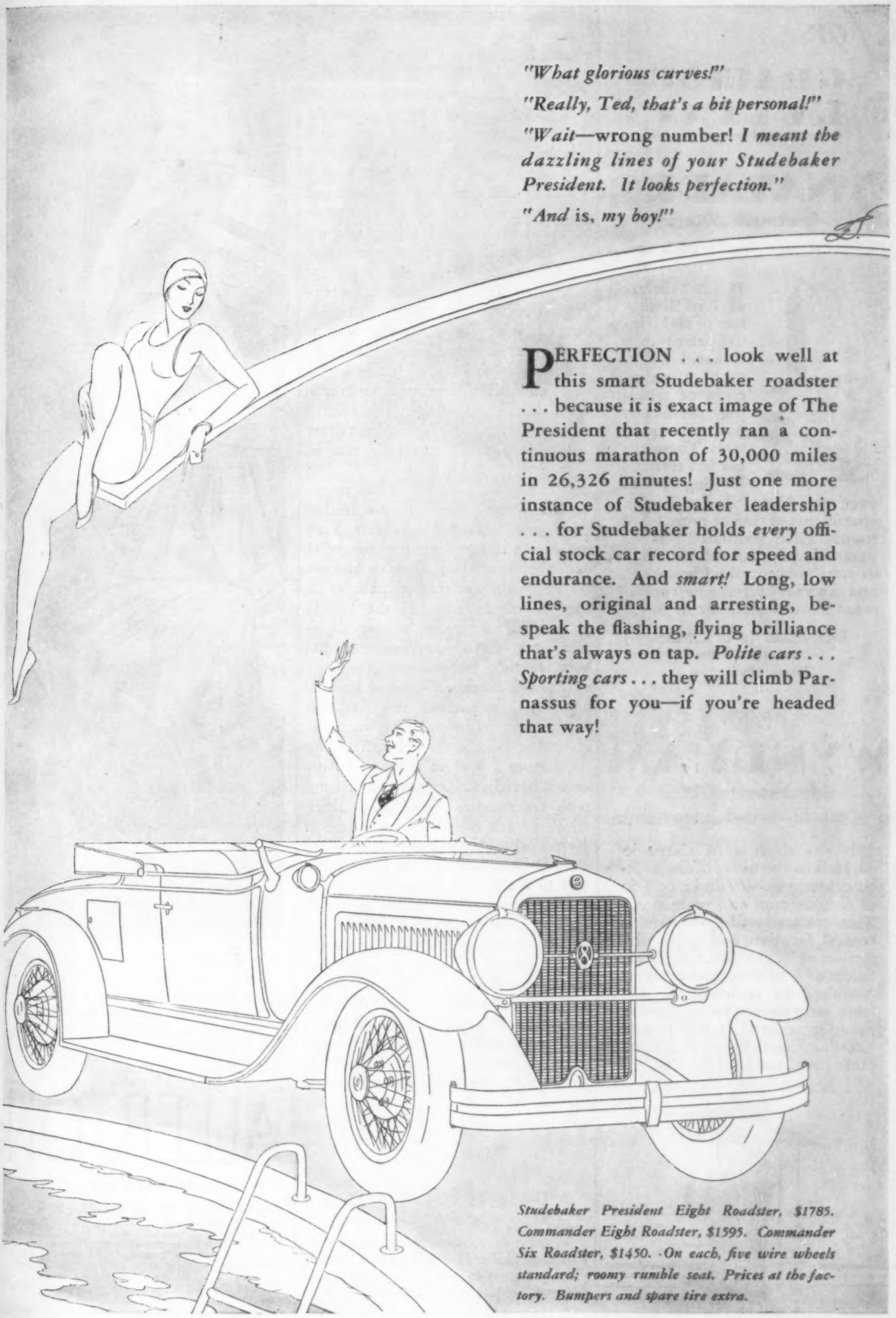
The editors, in their editorials, try to say a few good words for America now and then, but find it difficult, and the words "American tourist" have come to have a sinister meaning merely in themselves. One correspondent to the *Telegraph* did plead with his countrymen to be a little more gracious to the visiting cousins, chiefly on the grounds that they would spend their money elsewhere if this sort of thing went on, but he was so set upon by

"What glorious curves!"

"Really, Ted, that's a bit personal!"

"Wait—wrong number! *I meant the dazzling lines of your Studebaker President. It looks perfection."*

"And is, *my boy!"*



PERFECTION . . . look well at this smart Studebaker roadster . . . because it is exact image of The President that recently ran a continuous marathon of 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes! Just one more instance of Studebaker leadership . . . for Studebaker holds *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance. And *smart!* Long, low lines, original and arresting, bespeak the flashing, flying brilliance that's always on tap. *Polite cars . . . Sporting cars* . . . they will climb Parnassus for you—if you're headed that way!

Studebaker President Eight Roadster, $1785. Commander Eight Roadster, $1595. Commander Six Roadster, $1450. On each, five wire wheels standard; roomy rumble seat. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.

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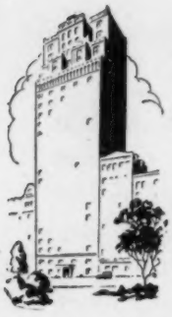

HERE the 'art of living' has a real significance . . . Central Park, with a panorama of winding drives, is your private estate. There are garden terraces looking north over the park. Really livable apartments of two or more large rooms. Tiled ventilated serving pantries equipped with enameled fixtures and central refrigeration, and as a final fillip the best apartment hotel restaurant in town.

DONALD J. THOMAS
Managing Director
Phone Circle 7900

The

WYNDHAM

Apartment Hotel

42 W. 58th St.—(in the Park Plaza Section)

IN the shadow of Carnegie Hall in the heart of the artistic center, you will find a coterie of famous men and women . . . They are attracted by the smart central location and quiet perfection of Wyndham Service . . . Suites of 1 to 3 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished. On lease, or transient basis. Serving pantries, central refrigeration. Excellent restaurant and complete hotel service.

BUILT AND OWNED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

readers in later issues that he probably will never attempt to take up the cudgels in a lost cause again.

There is nothing in the American press which corresponds as a point of attack to the topic of Americans in the British and French press, unless perhaps it is the boll-weevil or the fruit-fly.

PROBABLY the most readable and consistently interesting newspaper published in England (when one has read all the murder and incest news) is the *Observer*. This comes out every Sunday and is, as you know, the home-ground of what we like to call "our own St. John Ervine." For anyone who has even a passing interest in the real news of the day, including books, plays, and music, it is impossible to read the *Observer* through in less than a whole morning, as there are thirty pages, very few of which can be skipped.

Mr. Ervine, relieved of the necessity of writing down to his readers which made his style in New York such a confusing mixture of 1897 slang, strange hybrid words of his own manufacture, and nose-thumbings in the general direction of the "smart Alecks," is now more his own dignified self. His self-confidence has been further restored by having a whackingly successful show of his own on the London boards. It is true, even in his native columns, he has a way of ploughing heavily through a field and turning up a host of enemies, but he does it heavily as becomes him and not with the assumed lightness of touch which he felt called upon to adopt in New York. He is at present snapping back at irate readers who took exception to a series of his articles on the Australian theatre by means of which he very nearly lost Great Britain one of her colonies. His assistants on the dramatic page, however, help to strike a balance and get out a highly informative and intelligent department. And it must be admitted that Mr. Ervine's reflections on America are much more generous and broad-minded than one would have a right to expect considering the miserable time he must have had there. —GUY FAWKES

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From a pamphlet about cork]

When you remove the cork from a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, do you ever stop to think that you are holding a bit of sunny Spain in your fingers?

"MEAD must be pretty well fixed to have the city residence he described—gym, pool and all that."

"You or I could have the same, if we were single like Mead."

"Where?"

"At The Allerton."

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**Exclusively for women*
No Initiation Fees. No Dues. Rates $12 to $20 a Week.
Transients: $2.50, $3.00.

Where's the machinery?

Somebody came in the other day, picked out an AP-12 . . . examined everything, including the price tag, and then burst out with "Where's the machinery?"

Maybe you don't know it, but everything about a Frigidaire is inside the cabinet.* You don't hear it or see it, but it's there. And when it comes to your house there's no gas nor water connection to make. We hook it up to the electric current and that's that.

Winston Paul at 39 W. 45 or any one of the hundred or more dealers around New York will show you some interesting reasons why Frigidaire has outsold all other makes of refrigerators *combined.*

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a million in use

*Frigidaire is designed so that if you *prefer* to have the compressor separate from the cabinet, in a closet or in the basement, it can be installed that way. In most cases, however, it remains in the bottom of the cabinet.

WINSTON PAUL,
39 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me all these interesting reasons why Frigidaire is so popular.

Name.....

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE LATE MISS EDMUNDS

IT is related of the late Sir Edmund Gosse that now and again he would be heard sighing profoundly over his liqueur.

"Ah," he would say, when questioned about the air of rue he wore, "I wish I could learn more about Miss Lizzie Borden."

He was referring, of course, to that inscrutable maiden of our own Fall River, whom British delvers in criminal lore have ever done us the honor to envy us.

Well, by this time Sir Edmund has doubtless taken the matter up with her direct. For Lizzie Borden died in her bed a year or so ago and lies now in the family plot at Fall River—lies forever beside her father, whom she probably butchered, and the care of whose grave in perpetuity was thoughtfully and filially provided for in her will.

AT this writing, however, I cannot pursue this method of research into the case of Christiana Edmunds. She was the homesick and ravenous English spinster who, back in the seventies of the last century, was rescued from the rope at the eleventh hour by the intervention of the Home Secretary, who decreed that she was mad and should therefore be immured at Broadmoor for the rest of her days. Indeed, she dwelt there on into the present century, queening it superbly over another inmate whom she was allowed to press into service as her maid and dropping neat little unanswered notes into the post, inviting all the celebrities of the land to come and have tea with her.

Miss Edmunds ran afoul of the law as the result of a mortal passion she conceived for her doctor. She came of quality folks in Brighton and it was a great luxury for her to find her affections fastened upon one whom, without indelicacy, she could summon regularly into her presence by the mere device of having the vapors. But young Dr. Beard was not only unresponsive. He was, in the phraseology of that day, another's. In fact he was most happily married and it was when the desperate Christiana affably presented Mrs. Beard with a bonbon which was discovered (in the nick of time) to be filled with deadly poison, that the doctor not only felt it necessary to point out the hopelessness of her passion but to discontinue his attendance as her physician.

Now Christiana pretended to be as surprised as anyone else that there was anything odd about that bonbon. Indeed, she protested bitterly that one ran the greatest risks in dealing with confectioners and, in order to prove this point, embarked upon a murderous scheme that was of heroic grandeur in scale and in recklessness. First she sent a messenger-boy to a shop in Brighton for some chocolates, inserted strychnine into several of them, and next returned the sweets by the same messenger with the explanation that he had misunderstood her order and fetched her a kind she did not want. Then she sat back blandly to await developments—happy in the prospect of a strong talking-point in her argument with Doctor Beard if people in Brighton should start dying like flies as a result of eating mysteriously poisoned candy. Actually a four-year-old neighbor died instantly after dipping into a box of chocolates which one of his elders had brought home from that shop.

SOMETHING of what I have related is told in passing by Charles Kingston in his book, "A Gallery of Rogues," but he maddens me by adding: "There is no space here to go into details of the methods which resulted in suspicion being directed towards Christiana Edmunds. It must suffice to say that she was arrested, tried at the Old Bailey, convicted in spite of a plea of insanity, and sentenced to death."

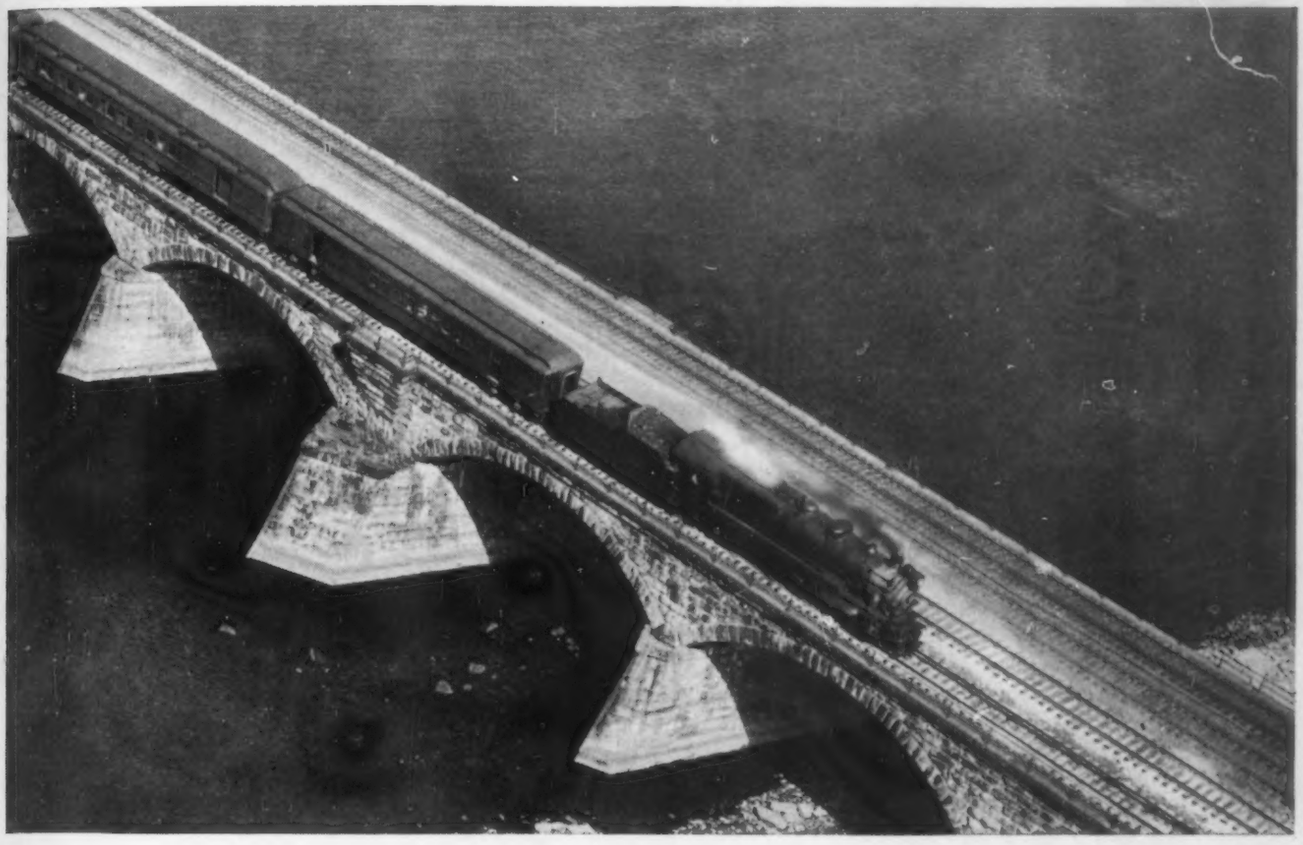
Well, it doesn't suffice me and each time a new volume is issued in the magnificent and incomparable series called the "Notable British Trials," I unwrap it in the hope—thus far the vain hope—that it will be devoted to the case of the Crown against the Brighton hellcat. Yet on my shelves there are already some five-and-twenty of these volumes, not counting those that never came back after some such earnest but economical student of murder lore as Ben Hecht, Kathleen Norris, or Margaret Leech has chanced to be passing this way with a wheelbarrow.

In this series of books, you will watch a pageant of such varied characters as Constance Kent, that relative, under the rose, of Queen Victoria, who, in a convent, confessed to having cut the throat of her little stepbrother some years before; of Neill Cream, the curious physician who quite made it a practice to poison streetwalkers and who was detected at last only because his itching exhibitionism drove him into writing letters to the papers that called attention to the odd similarity in the deaths of these poor creatures; of Samuel Herbert Dougal, who bigamously married a gentle old maid for her money, murdered her, and buried her unaided on the lonely farm she had bought for their Darby-and-Joan old age, and who, when four buxom girls of that countryside were subpoenaed by the state because he had got them into what is, I understand, not intemperately described as "trouble," wrote to them in all seriousness and proposed that they hire a charabanc so that they might come to the trial in a body.

OH, in these "Notable British Trials" there is material aplenty for a long winter's reading, but, as I have already bitterly complained, no word about the interesting Miss Edmunds. Of course, in all such quandaries, I go to the Maestro much as Heifetz hies him humbly to Professor Auer before a concert. But Edmund Pearson can add only a few details. It seems that when convicted, our heroine—as women invariably do in such emergencies but she with less plausibility than most—sought to gain time by setting up the plea that she was about to become a mother. The committee of matrons appointed by the court to examine her took a physician with them and he sent out for a stethoscope. The bailiff who was hurried off on this errand misunderstood his instructions and added a much-needed note of comedy to the proceedings by coming back with a telescope.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Over the shortest route between New York and Chicago



THE BROADWAY

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"THERE SHE IS" signals the aerial photographer. Nose down . . . throttle wide . . . the plane heads straight for the distant speck. 100 . . . 120 . . . 140 miles an hour . . . they gain on The Broadway . . .

Now they're abreast—the pilot levels off—the motor quietens—click—the picture's made.

"Another shot" shouts the photographer . . . too late . . . The Broadway's pulling away. Again the race. The motor roars—wires scream . . . the plane traveling at top speed. "Ready," nods the pilot—click—again the camera's caught The Broadway . . .

What a sight to follow The Broadway by air as it glides smoothly through the valleys, by the harvest fields, on her swift journey between New York and Chicago. And nothing but an airplane makes the trip on faster schedule and nothing but an airplane has a route so short to travel.

All the luxuries of the great Limited are at your disposal . . . club car, observation car, unexcelled dining service, barber, shower-baths, valet, clothes-pressing, manicurist, train secretary, dictaphones, stock quotations, reports of national events, newspapers and periodicals.

20 Hours—New York and Chicago

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York: Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.
Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
Newark	2:17 P.M.
North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago: Englewood	8:30 A.M.
Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago: Union Station	11:40 A.M.
Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive North Philadelphia	6:54 A.M.
Newark	8:17 A.M.
New York: Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
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Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUGUST 21

IT'S too late to do anything about it now. All the talk of being simple, casual, and Grecian might as well be scrapped; winter clothes are going to be about the most uncasual you ever saw. Except for those few lucky individuals whose measurements check well against a list of perfect proportions, the women who plan to wear any French clothes, or copies of French clothes, are going to have a struggle.

PATOU says we are supposed to look like spindles. To prove it, he shows three hundred and ten ways of looking like them. He indicates the waistline, and the curves above and below it, in no uncertain terms, without being Empire. He puts daytime skirts far enough below the knees to get a long-legged look; evening dresses hit the ankles in front and touch the floor at the back. Even some of the evening wraps trail the ground, and trail in elegance with hems edged with silver fox.

While a lot of people are groaning aloud that we are back to 1913, and a good deal worse off, Patou talks about the "grand tradition of prewar days." He decks his mannequins in diamonds, emeralds, fox, shaved lamb, breitschwanz. He is making tailored dresses—but of patterned lamé. His velvet coats are all of that heavy millinery velvet which makes you realize a lady is wearing it. Most of his clothes are either black or in the Patou "dahlia" colors.

Daytime coats of tweed are three-quarter or seven-eighths length; of broadcloth, dress length. A few of the black coats are longer at the back, but most have even hems and are edged, faced, collared, cuffed, and sometimes pocketed, with two-inch bands of black Persian lamb or breitschwanz. There are berets, muffs, and entire suits of fur. There is a black broadcloth dress, named Distinction, with narrow edgings of white ermine at neck and wrists, worn with an ermine-lined broadcloth coat.

Fugue is the evening dress that everyone likes especially—dahlia red chiffon lamé in the usual Patou form-fitting line, with the waistline normal. Its three-quarter coat is edged all around with sable.

THERE are few extremes in the new Molyneux collection. Molyneux skirts are just sufficiently longer than last season's to cover the in-curve of the calf. Waistlines are placed everywhere; the trickiest dresses have a belt at the normal waistline and another a few inches below. And the collection includes a half-dozen or so of those rare but much-needed clothes —dinnerish dresses with no sleeves, little back, and even hems, worn with coats that are not too formal. The black transparent panne dress listed as No. 76 is one of these—absolutely plain except for two pleated, flat ruffles below the hips. It reaches halfway between knees and ankles.

There are some fine coats among the tweeds. The long ones have waist-length capes; some of the shorter ones show selvage edges and are unlined—all the better to make you look slim. Molyneux had a good idea when he made those dress-suit combinations. There is a short tweed jacket and a tweed skirt with a silk yoke or belt that you unbutton and take off in a jiffy. Then you wear the blouse and petticoat underneath as a dress. Younger-looking than a dress-and-coat arrangement.

"Cord tires, madam—
more mileage, you know."

NO one is quite like Schiaparelli. Who else would think of going the whole hog on this high-waistline business, and of putting the leather belts on tweed skirts a few inches below the top? The skirts have no plackets but are run through at the top with an elastic two inches wide.

This time some of the Schiaparelli blouses are of heavy crêpe de Chine, instead of tricot. The scarf collar is cut in one with sleeve or yoke and tied in a bow under the chin. Sometimes the scarf is separate, and hand-knitted in a loose lacy weave. The knitted sweaters are grander than usual — loose basket weaves with an occasional thread as heavy as the thick woolly flecks in tweed. There are some exciting blouses of smock blue toile de soie, made in one with the panties that serve as petticoat and underwear at the same time.

Schiaparelli has no end of complicated belts and fur vests, and scarves that tie through coat collars and dresses which are put on with no

A NONCHALANT ANNOUNCEMENT

BERGDORF GOODMAN announce their Fall expansion . . . two new buildings on the Plaza . . . added features consisting of a French Boudoir on the fourth floor, a Shoe Salon on the second floor, an enlarged Sports Department on the third floor . . . If a woman would rather not have ingenious chic to her gown . . . if she prefers to place a species of saucepan on her head instead of a sublime creation in the way of hats . . . if her accessories, shoes, stockings, bags, scarfs, perfumes, and the delectable invisibilities, are the sort destined for the poor relation's gift bag . . . if, in short, she lacks that baffling subtlety which distinguishes the beautifully dressed woman from the poor dear with nice clothes . . . this announcement cannot possibly interest her. It isn't intended to!

ON THE PLAZA

BERGDORF GOODMAN

This is Appreciation!

For those who desire the highest degree of excellence.

NEW YORKERS who desire and can afford the best in city homes have been quick to recognize the new standards of apartment luxury expressed in The Beresford on Central Park West. More than 90 percent of the suites already are under lease for Fall occupancy.

To those who seek superior accommodations in a location rich in aristocratic association we invite inspection of the outstanding features of the Beresford which have made it the most favored of new apartments among those who look for and appreciate quality.

Built by the H. R. H. Construction Corp.

We particularly direct attention to a few splendid

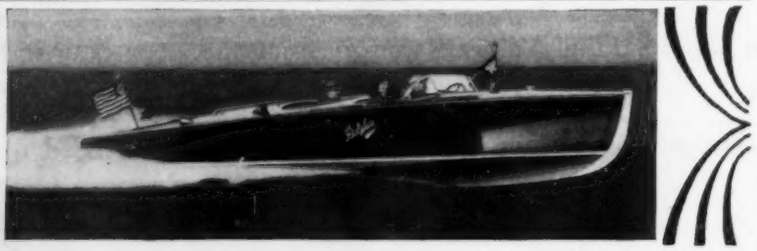
8 and 9-ROOM SUITES

Simplex and duplex, several with roof terraces... Fronting on Central Park... Bathed in the morning sun... some of the finest apartment homes in the city.

AGENT
L. J. Phillips & Co.
148 W. 42d St. ~ Trafalgar 9300

THE BERESFORD
ON CENTRAL PARK WEST

81st STREET to 82nd STREET



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HACKER · BOAT · COMPANY
545 RIVER DRIVE . . . . MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

HACKERCRAFT
"30"
AMERICA'S FINEST RUNABOUTS

sign of a button or hook. The best of these is a gray tweed suit—straight skirt and three-quarter coat with a long doubled-under scarf collar that has a muff arrangement somewhere near the waistline.

THE Worth collection has some corking knockabout coats made on the order of those I saw in London—with big bulky shoulders and sleeves seamed so as to emphasize the line. Worth's fur sports coats are nice, too. They are mostly of thin shaved lamb in a luscious chocolate brown. One of these, Interrogation, is worn over a brown satin dress that is all godets, nipped in suddenly at the waist, with a tiny collar of that dull pink which looks well on most everybody.

My heart goes out to Jean Charles Worth for what he has done to those thin velvet and lamé evening wraps that are so waspy and slender-looking but leave a poor girl shivering in her chiffon and emeralds. He makes them with little under-jackets of satin, or even thinner fabrics, with thick quilted linings that don't puff you out at all. The mannequins wear them over some ankle-length dresses of chiffon printed in big wallpaper-flower patterns. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

THERE is still a lull in the shops, at the time of writing, but the real deluge is less than a week off. In the meantime, all the stores are arguing madly among themselves, and with me, as to what this threatened radical change in silhouette is going to mean.

Some claim it is momentary, because large women will not wear molded dresses. I am not of this opinion. Dresses with belts around the hips, cut straight so that every part of the body was made as wide as the widest part of you, and short to add to the square effect, were not becoming to large women, but our eyes were used to them—and everything is relative. A slightly molded line, with a skirt sufficiently lengthened to keep the body in proportion, should be infinitely more flattering; but there is no doubt that clothes molded to the body will be much harder to find ready-made. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a rush for clever little dressmakers—which should make the textile manufacturers grin broadly.

Something will have to be done about girdles. If skirts lengthen, many

will roll their stockings as of yore and discard girdles and belts altogether. It is certain that the slight roll that occurs even around the waists of slim people who wear girdles will never, never do if waistlines are in again. Best is already showing light elastic girdles that extend nearly two inches above the normal waistline and are not stiff like the old whalebone monstrosities. And the next problem is that the sleek bob simply will not do in the evening above clothes that, in many cases, approach the Diamond Lil type. Homecomers say that in Paris mannequins are wearing their hair waved softly back from the face, with clusters of curls, or other softness, either below and behind the ears or extending all the way across the back. I wouldn't be surprised even if frizzy hair and bangs returned upon us. It wouldn't happen immediately—I am just saying that it *might*. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Deception—Color in the Sugar Bowl—For the Scientific Shopper

THE shrewd gentlemen who brought forth the Ronson briquet have just appeared with a deceptive little gadget called the Ronson Perfu-Mist, a handbag or a dressing-table trifle resembling a silver, chromium, gold, or leather-covered briquet. You fill it from the bottom, just as you fuel your cigarette-lighter. When you press the button, the cap flies up; pumping the button subsequently releases a fine spray of perfume. Aside from the fact that it is amusing, it does not seem to leak. In this respect, in particular, it fills a long-felt want in many an evening bag.

THE fineness and adhering qualities of Bertie's powders are well known to anyone who has tried them. She now offers (at your favorite department store, and at her New York salon) five carefully studied shades of powder in compact or sifter form that are in keeping with the mellow and healthy skin tone of today. They come in those enchanting little square cardboard boxes, decorated with tiny heads in color, and have rouges, similarly put up, to harmonize with each.

Also, while we are on the subject,

HERE'S a boon to stop-watch breakfasters who have a taste for toast—and who must catch a train for town! † † It's the Edicraft—the stream-line speedster which toasts two slices at once—toasts both sides together—and toasts them to a turn without a turn from you. It's *automatic*, you set the timer on the *number* of your favorite toast-tint—3 for tan, 4 for golden, and so on, to your taste. You pick up your paper to read the news—and you're pleasantly interrupted by two of the most perfect pieces of toast you've ever seen, smiling at you from the Edicraft!—While you're eating one, the other's keeping hot. *And one side's as hot as the other!* † † The Edicraft is a speedy, sturdy, handsome table necessity whose electrical and mechanical correctness are guaranteed by the great name it bears—*Edison!* Most good stores can show you the Edicraft Speed Toaster—we'll be glad to send you the name of one right in your own neighborhood.

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try the shade of Bertie powder called Rachel Foncée. It is warmly pink enough to give lustre to your skin; beige enough to harmonize with a light summer tan. A grand choice for the average complexion.

THERE is also a new gadget for the tea or bridge party, entitled Partee Sugar, on sale at Stern, Wanamaker, Macy, and Madison Avenue Sherry's. This is colored sugar, in gay yellow, purple, or pink crystals; or, in lump form, arranged in boxes to give a quaint sampler appearance. The color is harmless, and it is a pleasant sort of oh-ah novelty.

THOSE of you who are in earnest about your shopping and would like to know whether you are really getting a bargain should investigate an informative tome by William H. Baldwin entitled "The Shopping Book" and published by the Macmillan Company. This does not tell you what to look for in Macy's basement, but it does list, for instance, the disguises a rabbit can take, and the names under which it appears in the fur departments. You can learn the fundamentals of the structure of various textiles with fancy names; how to tell cut glass from the pressed-glass imitation; the methods of constructing luggage, and the practical value of each; and so on. A woman who studies the book carefully should be able to get full value for her money at all times, besides reducing salesmen to a state of complete terror. —L. L.

•

On Wednesday the hounds will meet at the gate to Mr. and Mrs. W. Strother Jones's place, and at 5 the entire group and their friends will assemble at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew V. Stout, for tea.—*Society notes in the Evening Post.*

It takes a dog to pick up friends.

SONG HITS FROM GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY ON BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The "Crooning Troubadour", Nick Lucas, feature star of "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and Brunswick artist, vies with hot lipped Roy Fox, the "Whispering Cornetist" in a haunting melody that makes you think of sweet things — m-m-m — so sweet.

And on the reverse, Roy and Nick continue the melodious battle with this pretty little thing. Makes you feel like skipping up and down the main drag with your hot papoose.

If you want to get the girl friend sentimental, get her No. 4418 and Nick Lucas will put "IT" over—but—if you want to dance, Roy Fox on No. 4419 is *THE* number.

TO MY SMALL SON, AT THE SEASHORE

I watched you scoop your shovel through the sand,
Piling it shining in a golden swell,
And with a very damp and careful hand
Erect a wall about a citadel—
Three somewhat crumbly towers, crowning thus
A universe of personal creation,
Where you, my son, absorbed, oblivious
With childhood's infinite preoccupation
Held sway, and did not hear your mother call,
Being engaged in this more weighty thing.
How patently all else grows trivial,
Compared to worlds of one's own fashioning!
Ah, Little Sunburned God, upon your knees,
Juggling the fates of sandy dynasties!

—Sara Henderson Hay

•

HOW TO PASS TIME

Touring in The Country

PASS a car or two. Where is the speed cop? Pass five more cars. Do you think there really are such things as speed cops? Hit a bump in the road. How does the car take it? How do you take it? Turn on the member of the party who was inspired to remark that there is a bump which you missed a short way back on the road. Walk him back and make him find it for you. Will that teach him to raise his standard of humor? Wouldn't it be a good idea to make him walk home altogether? Step on the gas. Step on it some more. Won't it go down any further? Is that

• •

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the best you can get out of the car?

Drive next to a nearby field and get out. Lie beneath a greenwood tree. Do you find it damp? If it is not damp, is it shady? What ten things are so rare as a dry and shady spot in the country? How many blades of grass do you think there are to a square foot? Mark off a square foot and count them. Do you ever guess right?

Pluck a daisy and find whether the choice of your heart loves you or whether she loves you not. Can daisies really tell? Try the daisy system on your other problems. What does it say about the stock market? About the horses? Ask it something you know. Is the daisy trying to kid you along? Do you still believe in daisies after that? What can a man believe?

CONSIDER the miracle of nature. Man can build skyscrapers but can he make a tree? And yet, could you put a duplex apartment in a tree? Could you even put a love nest there? How do people ever come to think that you can rock-a-bye babies in the tree tops? Would you marry a woman who would rock your babies in the tree tops? What kind of a woman would you marry? Would she marry you?

Find a simple country maid. What makes you think she's simple? Ask her how she likes milking cows and churning butter. What does she think of hayrides? Does she sound simple? Don't you realize what roadhouses and college houseparties have done to the American peasantry? Have you noticed how the hot-dog and the gasoline industries have hardened it? Is this a case for farm relief? Ask her if travelling salesmen stop at her house. Does she blush? Does she blush because they stop at her house or because she knows the stories? Swap some stories with her.

Look at your watch. Is time flying? Go back to your automobile. Pass a car or two. Where is the speed cop? Pass five more cars. Who cares about speed cops, anyway?

—JOSÉ SCHORR

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MARRIAGE LICENSES

Louise Becker, 28, 118 Market St., and Robert Hempel, 32, Case Road.

Mary Dunn, 20, 622 Rand St., and Patrick Kearns, 23, Creston.

Louise Becker, 28, 118 Market St., and George Carr, 29, 63 Burkwell St.—*Bogota (Tex.) Battle Axe.*

Louise carries a spare.

THE RACE TRACK

Closing Fixtures and Added Starters—Louqsor Stands Up All the Way

THE leaves are turning scarlet on the trees back of Robert Chambers' house in Broadalbin, or are dropping off like horseplayers after a 2 to 5 favorite is beaten. The Morning Line, that crowd of curb commissioners who quote odds on the next day's races in front of the Grand Union, has dwindled to half a hundred. Fewer motors purr or bark down Broadway leaving a trail of Coty's and gasoline fumes. The Honourable George, who is being wheeled about in a Bath chair as a result of too much sampling of the waters, says that all things, good or bad, must come to an end, and that the category in which one places this year's Saratoga meeting depends on how wisely one has improved the breed of the thoroughbred. Backers are singing the blues, and my friends the collectors of autographs tell me that the ends of their books, where the outs are listed, resemble nothing so much as telephone directories. It seems to me that the winner of the Saratoga Meeting Stakes is again that sterling stayer Overhead, by Surething out of Copperlined. But, just the same, it has been a great meeting and we'll all be at Belmont Park on Labor Day.

H. B. Swope

Larry Waterbury

John Hertz

The closing fixtures, the Hopeful Stakes and the Cup, abound in interest; particularly the Hopeful, the result of which invariably has a considerable bearing on the Futurity. Championing the cause of Whichone, you have to risk a penalty of eight pounds. However, I shall risk it, for he is a stout horse. A day or two ago I asked Marshall, head lad of Harry Whitney's stable, which he thought was the better, Whichone or Boojum, and he said, "Frankly, I don't know; but we're going to find out, for we're going to run both in the Hopeful and then we shall see."

Although the withdrawal of Whichone from the Grand Union Hotel Stakes was most disappointing—and I think I would be quite justified in sending Harry Whitney a bill for what I would have won if his colt had run—the decision not to risk so good a horse on a track that was not only muddy but full of trappy, boggy spots was a wise one.

DURING the fourth week of racing at Saratoga there were more added starters than all last season on the New York tracks. Three were added for the Sanford last Tuesday, six for the Adirondack Handicap on Thursday, and four for the Grand Union Hotel Stakes on Saturday. It seems hardly fair to drop a horse in on us that we know nothing about, or that, if we do, forces us to revise our calculations because of his presence. The reason horses have been added after the entries have closed is that post positions are assigned the night before and the added starters are placed on the outside of the field, which at Saratoga is most favorable.

Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt

AMATEUR—I dislike the official designation "gentlemen"—riders are as game a lot as I know. Never have I seen this better exemplified than in the Eastern Horse Club Steeplechase, in which five rode hunters over a two-and-a-half-mile course that was as slippery as grease from the rain. It was like a Grand National, for only one horse stood up all the way, Thomas Hitchcock's Louqsor, ridden by Pete Bostwick, and Bostwick rode for nearly two miles with only one stirrup. After he won Louqsor pulled

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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up so lame he could hardly get off the track. Dancing Fool fell at the last fence, with the purse in his grasp, and Bill Almy remounted him to finish for second money. Bill Streete also remounted Berkie, and came in third. Brother Bostwick might have made a runaway race of it with Liz Altemus' gray Nicholas, who ran just as he did in the colors of Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt. He spilled his rider and refused to be caught.

IT was most unfortunate that Mrs. Amory's Beau Wrack had to be disqualified after winning, because of interference by his stablemate, Sun Meddler, ridden by O'Donnell. When Gifford Cochran's Xylophone was declared winner, one fair backer profited nicely, for Xylophone played the sweet music of 15 to 1. However, this devotee is a most conscientious young woman and she considered that she was not entitled to the money. So she proceeded to back the most impossible horses to dispose of her ill-gotten gains. Just before the running of the Grand Union Hotel Stakes she confided to me, "I've got rid of it all. I've bet the last five dollars on Jim Dandy. My aunt had a dog of that name once." Jim Dandy won the Grand Union at 50 to 1.

PETEE-WRACK is another of those "horses for courses," particularly if there is heavy going. Saratoga is his track, and he was in his element in the Merchants and Citizens Handicap. However, in my opinion he is not likely to be seen at such good advantage in the Gold Cup at Belmont Park a fortnight hence.

JOHN SANFORD is an exceptional racing-stable owner. He doesn't care whether his horses run or not. A member of The Jockey Club, and for many years a State Racing Commissioner, he has been a figure in Saratoga racing for three decades. He is the only man on the course who wears a tweed cutaway coat and white-linen waistcoat, and carries a British racing umbrella every day. He and his son, Laddie, have a stable at Newmarket, and own a training establishment at Maisons-Lafitte that he bought from Sam Hildreth for a quarter of a million.

His father, General Stephen Sanford, from whom he inherited the racing stud, Hurracana Farm, and the Mohawk Carpet Mills, both at Amsterdam, New York, used to reserve his horses for the Saratoga meeting, and they bred

good ones at Hurracana in the nineties. In those days the mill hands used to come down to the Spa, and bet on everything that carried the Sanford silks. The excursions invariably were profitable.

There are plenty of horses at Hurracana Farm, for every year its master buys extensively at Newmarket and Doncaster, and occasionally an American horse that strikes his fancy, always at a big price. However, the mill hands seldom have a chance to bet on the Sanford horses these days.

WHEN Snob II was a three-year old, Hollie Hughes, his trainer, suggested the colt be prepared for the Kentucky Derby. "What do we want to do that for?" said John Sanford. "We won that race with George Smith a couple of years ago." Later he sold Snob II to Josh Cosden for $85,000, and the colt won the Withers Mile in as fast time as Man o' War.

Last fall, after his Thracian and Rudolph were beaten in the Gwathmey Memorial, Sanford said to his trainer, "We need a horse with a lot of class to win races like that. Let's buy one." So they took down the British turf guides and picked one on past performances. The pedigree of Tourist II came up to the Sanford specifications; he had won the Princess of Wales Stakes, and finished close to Lord Derby's Fairway in the St. Leger and fifth in the Cesarewitch, so he was bought by cable for $23,000. On his English form Tourist II should make a clean sweep of our distance races, but John Sanford would not nominate him for the Saratoga or the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Later he bought Royal Falcon, the best hurdle racer in England, who since his arrival has been eating the corn of idleness at Hurracana Farm. Just before the Saratoga meeting opened, the pick of the flat runners, a colt Hollie Hughes thought as good as Snob II, injured a leg slightly. "Send him to the farm for the year," said Sanford. Hughes protested that with a week or two of rest the colt would be at his best again. "Well, rest won't hurt him," said Sanford. "We'll send him to the farm and buy another good horse to take his place." —AUDAX MINOR

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POSITIONS WANTED—YOUNG EDITOR—Feature writer, landscape artist; left newspapers because of breakdown.—*The Nation.*

Breakdown of the newspapers?

SLOW HANGING

A MILLION DANNY DEEVERS IN THE MORNING

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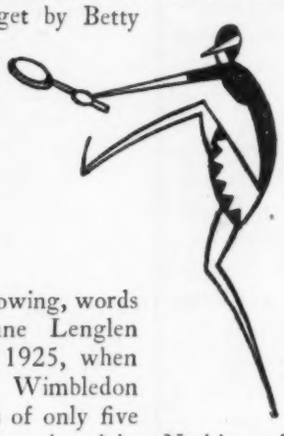
THE TENNIS COURTS

Miss Wills Repeats—The One Faint Smile —Fighting Spirit and a Sporting Gallery

BEFORE the Women's National Championships at Forest Hills everyone was pointing out that Helen Wills' powers were beginning to wane, and they all predicted that she would be lucky to get by Betty Nuthall and Helen Jacobs. Merely the figures of her six matches in the tournament are sufficient comment on the accuracy of our prophets: 6–0, 6–0; 6–1, 6–0; 6–0, 6–0; 6–0, 6–1; 6–0, 6–0; 6–4, 6–2.



In the face of such a showing, words are superfluous. Suzanne Lenglen made a better record in 1925, when she went through the Wimbledon championships with a loss of only five games, but any player who wins eight out of twelve sets at love in a national championship with as strong a field as the one that competed at Forest Hills is playing pretty close to perfect tennis. For three years the world has been accustomed to seeing Helen Wills win her matches in straight sets. Will 1930 find her winning them in straight games?

It is true that she didn't meet all the best players in the tournament, but Mrs. Charlotte Hosmer Chapin, Mrs. L. R. C. Michell, and Mrs. Molla Mallory crossed her path, and the total of their success was two games. Last year Mrs. Chapin made a better showing against Miss Wills than any other player had all season. Last week the champion yielded the second game to her, and then took eleven in a row.

Mrs. Watson was the one player in the tournament to give Miss Wills any real opposition. In the first set she was actually outdriving her, and forcing her to play safe for a part of the time. In the second set the champion was pursuing the even tenor of her way, the sting having been drawn from Mrs. Watson's low forehands, and the outcome was as inevitable as in any of the other matches. One wonders whether Miss Wills, after this week of almost unparalleled success, will be interested enough to play much longer for the championship. It can't be much fun for her to toy with her opponents, and it certainly isn't any fun for them. When Miss Wills was allowing only five points in a first set that lasted only eight minutes, I imagine Mrs. Mallory almost wished she had not beaten Miss Nuthall in the quarter-finals. The brief glory wasn't worth the humiliation.

Some say Miss Wills started out with the intention of surpassing Mlle. Lenglen's Wimbledon record, but no one would have gathered from her expression that she had any purpose except her normal one of knocking the cover off the ball. There was never any exceptional amount of determination in her face, such as Mrs. Mallory showed when she went on the court with Miss Nuthall. Miss Wills' features never settle into any lines. Nothing disturbs the mask behind which she conceals her feelings. A ball-boy, dashing across her court, slipped and sat down suddenly. The gallery roared. A faint smile flitted across her face, and that was all.

IF nothing ever disturbs the reserve of Miss Wills, Mrs. Mallory makes no effort to disguise her mood. Before she went on the court with Miss Nuthall, a friend offered to wager that she wouldn't get a set. That was the worst stroke of luck that could have come the English girl's way, for it served to kindle the same battling spirit that carried Mrs. Mallory to victory over Miss Elizabeth Ryan in the final of the 1926 championship, and over Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the one set they played in the second round of the 1921 tournament. Without that spirit Mrs. Mallory would never have beaten Miss Nuthall, and to it she added a defence that was impregnable.

Another factor in her remarkable victory was the support she received from the gallery. A tennis gathering invariably encourages the player fighting against odds, and even with so popular a favorite as Miss Nuthall on the courts, this held true. Miss Nuthall's supporters, along with everyone else, could not help being won over by the courageous fight put up by a woman who had been playing in such tournaments before her opponent was old enough to swing a racquet.

When Miss Nuthall dropped out and Miss Jacobs fell before Mrs. Watson, the form experts closed shop. Mrs.

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Watson had beaten Miss Jacobs in the Wightman Cup matches, but in spite of that the American had plenty of backers who were willing to give odds in the second meeting.

ANYONE who wants to find out the meaning of length in tennis should watch an English player measure the depth of the court. If they do nothing else, the English do keep the ball deep. That was what Mrs. Watson was doing constantly against Miss Jacobs, and again against Miss Wills in the final, and this length, combined with burning pace and the ability to cover up the direction of the shot, brought about the downfall of Miss Jacobs and gave Miss Wills some bad moments. Miss Jacobs had the better service, did all the volleying, and had youth in her favor; yet a good lengthy forehand and a calculating brain beat her.

Another thing that one may learn from the English is the science of playing doubles. Among American men there are plenty of good combinations, but the English women are in a class by themselves. Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Michell, Wimbledon champions for the past two years, know their game perfectly. Mrs. Watson stays back and holds the fort, and Mrs. Michell plants herself at the net and steps into everything that is reachable. Mrs. B. C. Covell and Mrs. D. C. Shepherd-Barron use a more mobile formation, both staying back or moving forward together, except when one of them is serving, and both teams work with the same perfect coördination. They never give thought to their positions in the court, for it is second nature to complement each other, and so they concentrate entirely on spreading the formation of their opponents. How well they do this is shown by the fact that they won the two Wightman Cup matches, and finished winners and runners-up, respectively, at Wimbledon in July and at Forest Hills last week. When the British are able to hold their own in the singles, the United States will have to develop better doubles teams or become accustomed to seeing the Wightman Cup take a long sojourn in England.—A. D.

•

FATHER COTY

[*From the St. Thomas (Ont.) Times-Journal*]

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POLO

Greentree, The Hurricanes, and Sands Point—Youth Has a Violent Fling—Odds and Ends

THIS weekend the Open and the Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup games begin at Meadow Brook. What with twelve entries, and polo's apparently inalienable right to loitering schedules, it is likely that most of September will see play in these two events, and since the quality of the entries is high, they probably will be really first-rate games. Not in a great many years, perhaps not since the war, have there been such evenly matched teams. At least three of them can be considered exceptional: Greentree, The Hurricanes, and Sands Point. Sands Point, because Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and E. A. S. Hopping are on it, and because Charles Schwartz' play has improved of late; Greentree, because of Winston Guest, Eric Pedley, and Elmer Boeseke, Jr., and because Jock Whitney is not bad at all when he has good men behind him; The Hurricanes, because of Watson Webb, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Stephen Sanford's ponies.

The British entry, led by Earl Hopping, has been counted out as a result of its showing in practice games, which probably means that it will go right ahead to the title. Harold Talbot's team is considered too inexperienced. None of the entries are bad teams, though. The Open lacks the frills and trappings of the International, but it often has better polo.

THERE has been some difference of opinion over the entry of Old Aiken in the Open. Up to now it has been a sixteen-goal team; the requirement in such tournaments is twenty-five. As is usual with infant prodigies, the members of the team have been "nineteen years old" for at least three years. Probably they are some seasons older, for several, at least, are now upper classmen in college. The fact remains, however, that they are not yet fully developed physically, and today a man must be full-grown if he is to play polo in fast company for any length of time. The youngsters had their chance at speedy, high-goal polo in several practice games at Meadow Brook. In one of

OUR tenants tell us that after occupancy begins they are continually surprised to find that many things they have been accustomed to ask for are provided in advance by our service.

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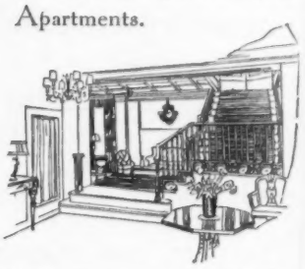

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them—against Greentree, with Hitchcock playing hard at back, and Pedley, Boeseke, and Whitney doing well in front—they added material to the arguments of those who have been advising them to stay out. As long as their strength lasted, they held their own with the older men; but in the last two periods they were pretty tired. Their play faltered with fatigue, and they were not able to stand off the others. Without a handicap, which is the way the Open is played, they had their score doubled. They proved that their polo has the right quality while they are physically able to play it, but they didn't prove that they can play for eight full periods against men of the Pedley, Boeske, and Hitchcock type.

ODDS AND ENDS: The visiting Britons remarking, "Don't the Americans ever play an easy game?," as they watched some supposedly soft practice matches. . . . Earl Hopping with a walking-stick—a result of his injured knee. . . . The absence from the Open of such figures as Stevenson and Cowdin, and the United States Army players. . . . And the frantic search for the Open and Waterbury Cups, last year's winners having forgotten where they had left them. —MARTINGALE

•

TESTIMONY

Shall I swear by book or candle,
Ring a clanging bell,
Bring you pebble words to handle,
Or a cockleshell?

Shall I plait my love with whimsy,
Like a daisy chain?
Crowns of praise grow sooner flimsy
Than the thorns of pain.

Shall I prove by signs and fractions
Love's arithmetic,
Find the roots and cubes of actions,
Count the straws to make a brick?

Let me love you without saying
When, or why, or how,
Be the tide the moon obeying,
To your hand the plow.

—RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

•

TO SWAP—Six piston rings for Ford; 2 connecting rods, Ford; 1 inner tube, size 30x3; 1 set of boy's boxing gloves, would like to trade for magazines or cowboy hat, size 7, or .22 rifle. LE ROY VICK.—*Northwest Stories.*

And then where will you be?

A New Easy Way To Go To College

and Travel Like a Scholar and a Gentleman

THE SECRET is simple—take a Hartmann Tourobe... the smartest, most serviceable and convenient piece of hand luggage an undergraduate ever owned. Virtually a wardrobe trunk—the Tourobe carries four suits (on hangers) and all the haberdashery and whatnot you'll need. Small and light enough to be carried by hand...stands end-up without lurching...slips easily under a Pullman berth and makes a great bridge table for the smoker.

Own one. It's sheer luxury and a sane, serviceable investment in smart luggage. At most good luggage shops and department stores.

HARTMANN
TOUROBES
$25 for the 29 x 20 x 9" size

The 32-inch size is even more commodious—Price, $27.50. Both have detachable trays. Colors are Black, Tan, Grey and Green, with attractive bindings. Others to $70.00.

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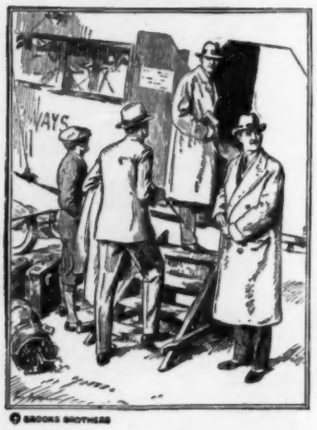

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TEE A

Armour Draws a
Putting — Relax

REPORTS from Milwaukee indicate that Tommy Armour didn't have much of a gallery when he turned in his medal-winning score; most of the crowd was out, as usual, with Sarazen or Horton Smith. For some reason, perhaps because he plays in fewer tournaments than most other golfers of his calibre, golf followers have never found out what a dramatic and formidable player he is. Johnny Farrell at his best never played iron shots better than Armour does six days a week in his casual rounds at the Tam o' Shanter Club; Armour has a way of squinting along the line of flight as though he were sighting a rifle. I have sometimes wondered whether the secret of his marvellous accuracy is the fact that he only has one eye. Few golfers use more than one, even if they have two. Bobby Jones, for instance, is entirely left-eyed; shooting a pistol, he holds it in his right hand but sights with his left eye. The eye you don't use is an unreliable associate; it has a small boy's tendency to get interested in whatever is nearest, distracting you in serious moments from the real business at hand.

HENRY CIUCI's qualifying 69 at Ozaukee was made in spite of a good many bad shots. His putts saved him. Little Ciuci has been putting well ever since, in a recent tournament, divine powers were petitioned in his behalf by a cleric who followed him around the course. Early in the morning this man, working for some organization that is trying to propagate religion in sport, had applied for a free badge on the ground that he represented the Holy Gospel. An official answered genially that he had never heard of a paper by that name, but would be glad to pass him in. The churchman seemed a strong partisan of Ciuci. Whenever the little golfer addressed his ball, he uttered cries of "Hush, hush." On one green, when Ciuci, wide with his iron, was thirty feet off the pin, his adherent, kneeling on the edge of the green, grabbed the arm of the spectator next to him. "It's going in," he declared in a trembling whisper. "I'm

GREEN

—Effects of Prayer on in the Locker-rooms

going to pray it in." While Ciuci studied his lie, the man closed his eyes and screwed up his face. Ciuci's putter swept the ball away; it dropped with a faint metallic tinkle into the hole. Since then he has been putting well. There are so many powerful morals in this story that I offer it without comment.

OUT at Green Meadow, Robert A. Moffett, who won the medal, spent six hours watching the scoreboard. His 73 looked good, but Al Brodbeck, the favorite, was still out, finishing a late round. The twilight caused Brodbeck to take three putts on several greens because he couldn't see the cup, but Moffett had no way of finding out what was happening on the dimming course. Moffett is seventeen. Every tournament golfer goes through those intervals of waiting after handing in a good score and few of them, during their first experiences, can stay far from the board. At the Intercollegiate tournament in the spring a contestant who had his score in early kept asking his friends to go and see what the rest of the field was doing, feeling superstitious about looking himself. It takes a long time to acquire the attitude of the pros, who can relax comfortably in the locker-room, inquiring only now and then, in a carefully academic tone, what Jones is doing, or how Hagen stood at the turn. Others, once their cards are posted, take up more adult worries, phoning their brokers, or hurrying to get back to town in time for a party. —N. B., Jr.

•

NEW BUSINESS

This is how utterly lovelorn I am:
I've given up beef because *you* prefer lamb;
I've taken to movies and tennis and tea
And other pursuits that were poison to me
Before it became my ambition to do
Exactly, my lord, what you wanted me to. —Margaret Fishback

•

LOST—grey mother cat. Will finder telephone 1705, as kittens miss their mother. Reward.—*Newburgh (N. Y.) News.*

And all that goes with motherhood?

Why Permit Your Summer Beauty to Pass?

Keep That Flattering Tan All Winter

Many women who have kept tanned through the summer with Glory of the Sun Powder have found the effect most becoming. More and more, each year, women are asking themselves: "Why fade with the winter?"

Whether you have had a Glory of the Sun tan or a natural tan, you can continue the flattering effect all winter with the use of this amazing powder.

If you have not tried Glory of the Sun, you will learn from a single test that it is not merely a "tan powder, but a powder that tans!" Produces a perfectly natural-like tan of just the degree you want (according to the amount of powder you use) in two minutes.

And it won't rub off on your clothes! You can dance, motor, play tennis or golf, *even go bathing*, without affecting it. Soap and water or cream are the only things that will remove it.

Those of you who have had a natural tan will find it a happy solution for bringing your tan line down below your gown line this fall.

Two shades: Light for blondes; Dark for brunettes. Large box $2.00 at all toilet goods counters. Carlé Inc., Chanin Building, New York City.

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Larrimore
in Let Us Be Gay
By RACHEL CROTHERS
LITTLE. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:40
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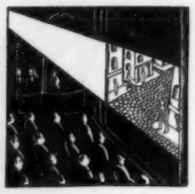
CLAYTON, JACKSON & DURANTE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Southern Spiritual



"HALLELUJAH" is now playing at the Embassy Theatre in Broadway and at the Lafayette in the centre of black Harlem, gratifying equally the very different audiences of both houses. Every character in the picture is a negro, and every situation and every spoken word is negro, yet it is a picture to please alike querulous scions of old southern families and the founders of new, black dynasties in 132nd Street. It is the especial achievement of King Vidor, author of the story, and its director, that he gives us a thorough picture of the sentiments and the mannerisms of the people concerned without ever exploiting or patronizing them. Perhaps its theme is not as ambitious as that of "The Emperor Jones," but there is nothing pretentious or specious in the presentation, and certainly nothing laborious or dull. "Hearts in Dixie," the other all-negro picture of the year, is but a trivial sketch compared with this.

THE plot of "Hallelujah" follows the spiritual experience and struggle of one Zeke, a negro of the cotton fields. Zeke wanders into a local bar and gambling room one night to enjoy the profits he has earned at cotton picking, and falls into the clutches of a siren with ardently rolling eyes—a young lady, incidentally, who might well make a success at Small's. She lures him on to risk his money against the loaded dice of her confederate. In the brawl that follows Zeke's own brother is shot, a tragedy responsible for Zeke's spiritual reformation and, eventually, for his career as a revivalist preacher. The high spots of the picture are the scenes at the brother's wake and the subsequent theatrics of revivalist hysteria, theatrics never without propriety, but curiously imbued with a comic value. The comedy somehow does not detract from the reality of this portrayal of religious emotion. The ogling siren pursues Zeke even in the panic which means religion to him, and he falls for her wiles, an experience written down in the secret chronicles of any ancient ecclesiastic order as well as in the hectic his-

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents
"It's a Wise Child"
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

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GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

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HOT CHOCOLATES
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LOEW'S LEXINGTON—All talking pictures: Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2: Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"; Sept. 3, 4: "Studio Murder Mystery"; Sept. 5, 6: Barthelmess in "Drag"; Sept. 7, 8, 9: "Mysterious Dr. Fu Man Chu".
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ON LONG ISLAND!

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"THE JOAN of ARC of BROADWAY"
AND HER
GIRLIE GANG!

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FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND

THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

tory of revivalists. His life with her, the reappearance of the rival who had formerly won his money with loaded dice, and then the climax, the killing in the swamp—a violent and savage scene—lead to the conclusion: the return of the prodigal, if not to the fatted calf, at least to his old mammy, a conclusion which somehow lets one down, which does not wind up the picture on a high note, and is its one weakness.

The photography throughout is superior to the average, the southern landscape is always beautiful, and the possibilities black faces offer the camera are never neglected. There are delicious glimpses of piccaninnies, of old men and women, of moments in the gambling rooms; and there is one great scene of preposterous cavortings during the submersions of a baptismal rite.

THERE are no other pictures of the week worth bothering about. The Paramount offers "The Sophomore," a rather amusing comedy of undergraduate life, from a story by Corey Ford, and with a sprightly portrayal of a freshman by Eddie Quillan. The general tone of the college scenes is burlesqued just enough to be tenuously funny to the B.A.'s and Ph.D.'s in the audience, and a bit more humorous to those who have not attained academic honors.

At the Strand an old Charles Klein play has been made into an impossible and dreary picture, "The Gamblers," with love, law, and Wall Street chicanery hopelessly confused. —J. C. M.

•

MEDITATION OVER CINNAMON TOAST

This is the best of love, perhaps: to meet
For half an hour or so, someday, at tea,
The boy who left you, painfully, with vows,
When you were young and grave—the hour to be
Snatched from irrevocable present ties;
To touch again, with delicate regret,
The rustless bowl, the flame that left no burn;
The shared, saved thing, imperishably set
In eyes remembering a girl who was,
Whose fingertips one scarcely dared to kiss,
. . . Before she learned to counterfeit a sigh,
Or he, to kiss a woman's hand like this.

—D. W.

"on the up and up"

spilling the right dope," said the clever cinema customer, "when i advise seeking entertainment only

at the rivoli—
united artists

is paramount's "dance of life" reel after reel with nancy carroll and hal skelly taking every step to please.

at the criterion

for wise birds, "four feathers," pluck them while you may for paramount's african tale can't hold out forever.

at the rialto

for the further stimulation of faint hearts and fair maids is ronald colman in "bulldog drummond" by samuel goldwyn out of "sapper"...who does what and who gets paid?

at the paramount

"womantrap" . . . laying no snare for pretty ladies . . . just a picture to engage your attention . . . hal skelly and evelyn brent presiding . . . jesse crawford on the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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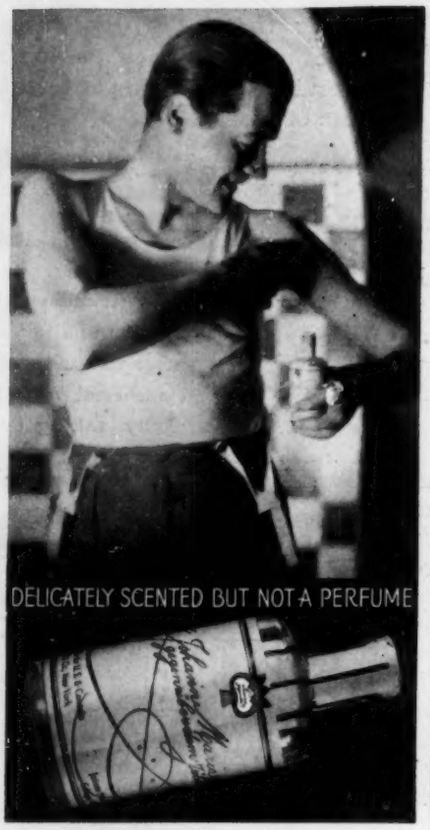
Now you can be SURE



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Johann Maria Farina found his secret blend 220 years ago. Since then only two men have known its formula at any one time. But millions have known this cologne as a hurry-up freshener, as a happy ending for a bath, as a travelling *aide*, as a gentle astringent, and as an all-round toilette accessory.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion
Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

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RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

Look for the Red Crest

UNCONDITIONED REFLEXES

JUST before I take a few personal effects and leave the world for the life of a recluse, I'm going to indulge myself in an orgy of question-answering. I'm going to give certain answers to certain questions, for example:

Mawning papah, wuddia read?

Read? I read everything I can lay my hands on. Have since I was a child. Mother used to say, "Now Hilary, run out and play. Get some exercise, dear," but like as not I would plead with her to let me finish one more volume of Stoddard's "Lectures." Right now I'm drifting through "Swann's Way"—the C. K. Scott Moncrieff translation.

Mr. Howard? What is it you wish to see him about?

Tell him I just heard some good stories I thought he might like to hear. Tell him I came to borrow fifty dollars and I also think it would be nice of me to inform him that I'm eloping with his wife. Tell him I have something in a twenty-payment life that should be attractive to a man of his type. Tell him that if he votes for me and enough other people vote for me, why I'll be able to go to Princeton in the fall. Just say I was wondering whether he might like to buy me a drink.

Well, old horse, what have you been up to?

Me, I've been up to snuff; Snuff-on-the-Hudson, near Hastings. We had a gorgeous time, I'll tell you. We played golf and I won twelve dollars in a two-dollar Nassau and on Saturday night we all went swimming, right near where I was staying. I turned my ankle once diving but otherwise it was grand. Then we all came back to the house and said good night and

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Temple is all-electric, standard chassis six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect in combination with the Temple Dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console, $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console, $189 (less tubes). Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

Itemize the four great radio benefits Temple gives you . . . There is *magnificent tone*, undistorted at either high or low frequencies. There is *selectivity*. With the clean precision of a surgeon's scalpel, Temple slices through a crowd of stations to the one station you want. There is Temple's *distance range* . . . like the range of the Lone Eagle himself. And there is *beauty and dignity in design* . . . Guild craftsmanship in every detail of cabinet-work.

Put two and two together at the Temple price . . . a price made possible only by operating economy worthy of a Vermont ex-President. You can't find in all the radio world a combination to equal this.

Housed in beauty, the Temple Dynamic is the only Speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

$39.00 *for the Dynamic Speaker*
$20.00 *for the Magnetic Speaker*

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Illustrate and Sell

I went up to my room, undressed, brushed my teeth, and jumped into bed. After reading a chapter or two of "Main Street," I turned out the light and soon was asleep. Next morning . . .

Well, wuddia say?

Go to hell, and you can quote me.

Lord & Taylor! Did you ever see such hands as I've been getting?

Yes, I *did*. Coming back on the Berengaria in 1924 there was a Mrs. Collins that held hands like yours. At least they were something like yours. I didn't get a very good look at the last couple, because you were holding your cards closer to your chest, but as I was saying, this Mrs. Collins had hands just as bad as yours. On the last night, somewhere between Nantucket and Ambrose, she jumped overboard and that was the last they saw of her. A good thing, I thought.

How would you like to jump in the lake?

Jump—in—the—lake? Well, now, let me see. Jump in the lake. Now that depends. It depends first of all on what lake. The Great Salt Lake, for instance, is not a lake I should like to jump in. Then, too, there are other lakes I have seen which I should have no desire to jump in. In Pennsylvania there are some lakes which it would be bad policy to jump in, owing to their depth, which is not more than three feet at the deepest. No, I don't think I'd like to jump in the lake, as you call it. —JOHN O'HARA

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[Washington dispatch in the Portland (Ore.) News]

The national committee on calendar simplification tentatively fixed 1933 as the logical date for universal adoption of a 13 months calendar.

"Joe, my dear, a show with *you* seems so much more thrilling."

"Oh, I don't. . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address. . . ."

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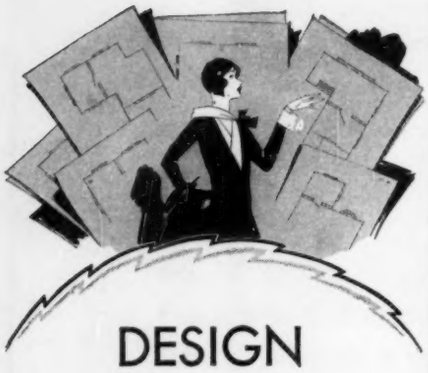

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, AUG. 21

THESE are the dog days. Red guidebooks are as thick in the street as autumn leaves, the accents of Birmingham and Des Moines mingle in the petrol-laden air, the club carpets are up, and so is Berkeley Square. The commissionaire of the Carlton Club (by far the most distinguished adornment of that institution) has allowed himself to be seen by all Pall Mall in civilian costume, and with a pipe in his mouth. These things are portents.

MEANWHILE two fierce controversies enliven the drab existence of those unhappy mortals who are left in town. The first is: "Should the memorial to Lord Haig bear the slightest resemblance to Lord Haig, and if so why?" The other is: "Should Harrow boys abandon the straw hat?"

The first of these problems has thrown a flood of publicity on the strange disinclination of artists to let their efforts resemble the original in any particular. Three designs were submitted for the Haig memorial, and the committee approved Mr. Hardiman's, which shows a bullet-headed figure "something like Lord Haig," as A. A. Milne says, "sitting on something like a horse." This is an under-statement, as the man is more like Hindenburg than Haig, the animal is like nothing so much as an early-neolithic cart horse, and in any case the sword-belt is over the wrong shoulder. An extraordinary volume of protest has been stirred up, led by Lady Haig and a number of men who served under Lord Haig, and the artists have leaped into print with angry comparisons between photography and "good art," and subtle references to the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's. Mr. Hardiman admits that he knows nothing of sword-belts and horses, but is modestly silent on how much he knows about art. It seems, however, that anything which would be recognizable to the ordinary man as Lord Haig sitting astride his famous thoroughbred could be nothing but cheap photography, and the question therefore arises: "If Lord Haig really had had a face like Hindenburg, had worn his sword-belt over the wrong shoulder, and had rid-

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den a charger like a middle-post-diluvian draught animal, would Mr. Hardiman's creation still be 'good art'?"

The straw-hat business is more serious. The gents' straw boater now lingers only in foreign countries. This is bad enough. The Harrow straw hat, however, is something more than a straw hat, having a really noble perspective of sweeping brim and a peculiar flatness of crown which at once label its wearer as a Harrovian.

England holds up its hands in dismay. What, Harrow without the straw hat? As well have St. Paul's Cathedral shorn of its dome! Since this country is famous everywhere for tradition and correctness of costume, it will be amusing, when the two come in conflict, to see which wins the day.

NOEL COWARD, as almost everybody knows by now, is a remarkable young man. He throws off revues, tragedies, comedies, romantic musical comedies, and good tunes as effortlessly as one shells peas. Now comes a comic opera. Such versatility is upsetting.

"Bitter Sweet" happens to be a very good comic opera. The plot is strong enough to allow one to become positively interested, and if the music is inclined to be a trifle "Noël, Noël," at all events Mr. Coward writes the best lyrics since Gilbert. It takes us to the London and the Vienna of the seventies and eighties, so be-whiskered, be-bustled, and burlesqued a period as almost to achieve some nobility of pathos. The story concerns an elderly lady, at a dance, who discovers her niece flirting seriously with the jazz pianist. She is reminded of how as a young girl she did just that very thing at her own ball, eloped with the fellow, went to live in a Vienna café, and then saw her husband killed by an officer she had refused to dine with privately. I can assure you that after the scene in the café, I rose in my seat—not with any desire to abandon the

• •

Drawing by Edward C. Caswell, for "Spanish Towns and People"

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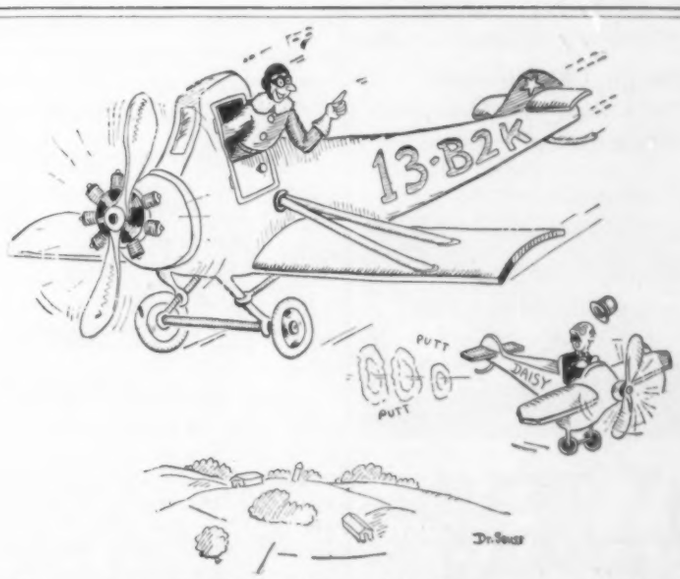

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Fall Occupancy

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performance, but from sheer, despicable excitement.

No doubt "Bitter Sweet" will in due course find its way to New York.

OUT of the murk of comparative oblivion a little figure peers nervously. This is A. S. M. Hutchinson, who has at last accumulated sufficient temerity to publish another novel. The critics are nudging each other and whetting their pencils for the slaughter. A.S.M. is the shiest man alive and, after the reception of his last work at the hands of these gentlemen, has taken four years to bring himself to produce another. He minds too much. I shall never forget the state of abject terror to which he was reduced by the mere ebullient presence of Sinclair Lewis at one of Frazier Hunt's parties, in the days before Hutchinson followed the call of the wild and the footsteps of H. M. Tomlinson through the Amazonian jungle.

A CERTAIN Italian count, who obviously must be nameless, told me the following story the other day. It seems the relations between the King of Italy and Signor Mussolini have been growing strained for some time. Recently Mussolini, who is the last man to decry his own importance, caused a charming new coinage to be struck off by the mint, and with customary tact took a sample to the King. The King examined it and found that his own head had been omitted, and that in its place the globular effigy of his chief minister reposed among the laurel leaves. In a splendid passion he hurled the coin into the far corner of the room and cried, "The House of Savoy still reigns in Italy!"—A. G.

•

APOLOGIA

Well-rounded lives
Are counted smart
Yet circles end
Where circles start
While oftentimes
Mere angles are
But tangled portions
Of a star.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

The origin of Sousa's name happened this way: The initials of his real name are S. O. His connection with the United States Army resulted in his trunks being lettered S. O. U. S. A. Get it?—*The Evening Graphic.*

Now wait, don't hurry us. . . .

A sleep. A pleasant ride. Look! The ocean on one side, the hospitable "Cavalier" on the other! Luncheon. (What a luncheon!) Then, golf on the Princess Anne Course, beloved of golfers. You'll revel in Virginia Beach. Bluest of skies! Bright sun. The "Cavalier," a Broadway Hotel that's come to enjoy itself by the sea. 12-hour through Pullman, New York to hotel grounds. For bookings write direct or to American Hotels Corp., 25 W. 45 St., New York.

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RECENT BOOKS

Chump's Saga—Hearts and Flowers in Modern Dress—A Compromise

"THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL" is the high-sounding and sporting title that Mr. Gerald Bullett gives to his saga of a suburban grocer. The name of the book suggests comic adventures and daring deeds; but it is a study in negation, the story of a hero who was a hero simply because he went on living. Mr. Bullett shows you, without rages or tears, the gray pathos of a life that was totally unimportant except to the poor chump who happened to live it. To this tale of small people and small events, its author brings all the loving care and patient observation that the late Monsieur Fabre lavished on one of his obscure but noble beetles.

This novel is not clever, smart, or sensational, but it is a good honest piece of work. Within the narrow limitations of Egg Pandervil's circle of existence, there are drama and romance, and even beauty. In his way, Egg is as brave and righteous a hero as you would meet in a hundred tales of the great outdoors. He hasn't the touch of imaginative genius that made H. G. Wells' Mr. Polly one of the glories of literature, but Egg is, at least, Mr. Polly's stay-at-home cousin; and that is no small praise from one who looks upon Mr. Polly as a grown-up English Huck Finn.

For those who want facts about their books: "The History of Egg Pandervil" is laid in rural and suburban England in the middle of the last century. Also, Mr. Bullett is writing a sequel dealing with the life of Nicky, Egg's son, because the author probably realized that the engaging Nicky appears too briefly in the present novel.

MISS NANCY HOYT has the joyous air of one who writes for pleasure, not duty. Under her slight pretence of worldliness, there is the naïve feeling of a young woman who has observed a great many amusing things and is eager to tell about them. It is unfair, however, to dismiss her as a society chronicler. Like Zoë Akins, Miss Hoyt writes of people who own real pearls. Like Michael Arlen, she tells of people whose home is where their luggage is. Only Miss Hoyt is not impressed.

"Bright Intervals" is really an old-fashioned love story, in which a true heart triumphs over villainies and misfortunes, but it is dressed in modern clothes. Lydia Stephanye Graeme, who thinks of herself as an American although she is really a mixture of Hungarian and Scotch, falls in love and marries a minister's son, who is strictly New England. The romance which had flourished in Paris goes to pieces in New York, where rents are higher. The right-minded husband casts his Lydia out, out into the night, when a bouncing heiress marks him for her own. Lydia jauntily has a baby, in the best modern manner, gets herself a well-paying job, and eventually forgives her husband—a doltish hero for whom Miss Hoyt as well as her heroine has a foolish infatuation.

Miss Hoyt tricks out her simple story by writing wittily and brilliantly of the exciting people of London, Paris, and New York. She describes these gay international eccentrics with more enthusiasm than bitterness, as though she were ashamed to jeer at people who amuse her so vastly.

WHO could resist "The Omnibus of Crime"? Of all the compilations of horror stories this anthology, gathered by Dorothy L. Sayers, seems to me the best. It is more complete and more scholarly than Willard Huntington Wright's, including, as it does, primitive mystery stories from the Oriental, Latin, and Greek. Did you know, for instance, that the apocryphal tale of Susanna and the Elders is, in its literary outlines, a detective story?

Miss Sayers' introduction is an illuminating historical analysis of sleuth fiction. While Mr. Wright believes that the detective story answers our cravings for puzzles and conundrums,

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Miss Sayers holds that crime stories furnish our safest and most satisfactory outlet for adventure in a too-well-organized world.

In selecting her stories, she has avoided most of the better-known thrillers, and her book is valuable because it contains so many obscure tales long forgotten or out of print.

FULTON OURSLER was evidently of two minds about "The World's Delight." He had to decide whether to make it straight fiction or a biography of Adah Isaacs Menken. He compromised, and the book is the life of Adah without benefit of footnotes; here is Adah as she might have been but probably wasn't.

Swinburne called Adah the "world's delight;" critics who saw her act were less rapturous about her. Nevertheless, "Mazeppa" was the sensation of its day, and Adah Isaacs Menken became a symbol of adventuring, untamed womanhood.

Mr. Oursler's story of a varied and improbable career moves easily and briskly, and Adah is described in the sentimental idiom of her time. She was no hussy, this circus rider who also wrote poetry, but a gentle female with a heart of gold. Mr. Oursler makes her All Woman, but you can't help feeling that her life, like her portrayal of Mazeppa, was a triumph of main strength. —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL, by Gerald Bullett (*Knopf*). The life of a small grocer made, believe it or not, surprisingly interesting.

BRIGHT INTERVALS, by Nancy Hoyt (*Knopf*). In which a true heart triumphs —with the assistance of a gay and witty author.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT, by Fulton Oursler (*Harper*). Lively novel written around the life of Adah Isaacs Menken.

LOVE STORY, by Thelma Woodhill (*Simon & Schuster*). Showing the ruin wrought by a Juggernaut of a mother.

EX-WIFE, Anonymous (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). What you may expect when a woman tells all.

AMERICAN COLONY, by Charles Brackett (*Liveright*). Sin rampant on the Riviera, and a mean sneer at the expatriates.

HIDE IN THE DARK, by Frances Noyes Hart (*Doubleday, Doran*). An adorable, but none the less gruesome, murder.

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (*Vik-*

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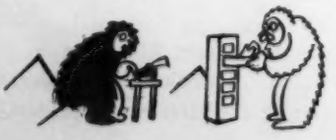

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ing Press). Prose ballad of life in the southern hills. Second novel by the author of "The Happy Mountain."

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THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manner and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

THE FIDDLER, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (*Liveright*). Good melodrama ruined by soggy characters.

THE SUN CURE, by Alfred Noyes (*Cosmopolitan*). Whimsical, that's what it is.

THREE LOVES, by Max Brod (*Knopf*). Moral depression in Austria, and the love affair of two pathological cases.

POOR DEVIL, by Henry Justin Smith (*Covici, Friede*). The tragedy of an idealist in a big city.

Less recent:

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow. AN IMPERFECT LOVER, by Robert Gore Browne. THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall. OVERSHADOWED, by Eugene Löhrke. HUNKY, by Thames Williamson. WAR, by Ludwig Renn. THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott. PAYING GUESTS, by E. F. Benson. SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Helen Grace Carlisle.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE GLENLITTEN MURDER, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE ROMAN HAT MYSTERY, by Ellery Queen (*Stokes*). . . . THE SANFIELD SCANDAL, by Richard Keverne (*Harper*). . . . TEMPLE TOWER, by H. C. M. McNeile (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER AT BRATTON GRANGE, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE DAIN CURSE, by Dashiell Hammett (*Knopf*). . . . THE FOURTH FINGER, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*).

GENERAL

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME, by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Payson & Clarke*). Anthology of horror stories, selected with fine discrimination. Also a splendid introduction for students of murder.

A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH, by P. Morton Shand (*Knopf*). Why Americans go abroad.

NORAVIND, by Dudley Vail Talcott (*Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.*). A young modern sculptor writes and illustrates a book about his adventures. For collectors.

THE GREAT MARY CELESTE HOAX, by Laurence J. Keating (*Houghton Mifflin*). Fascinating explanation of one of the greatest sea mysteries.

Less recent:

UNCLE SHAM, by Kanhaya Lal Gauba. AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA, by Ernest Wood. LONG ISLAND'S STORY, by Jacqueline Overton. A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL, by Hilaire Belloc. POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont. THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay. EFFECTIVE CONJURING, by Will Blyth.

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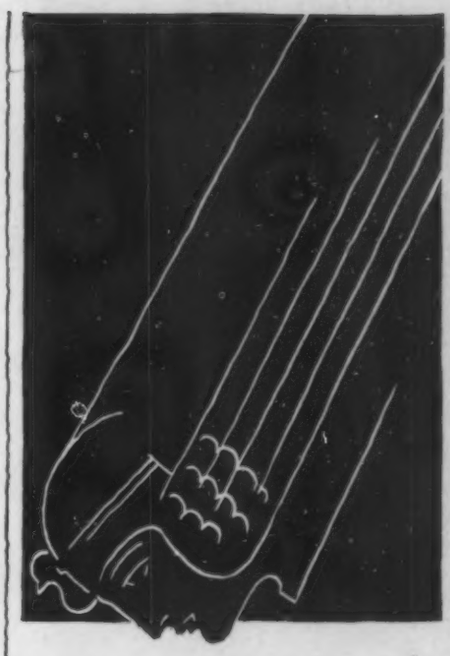
The dead man spent Friday night trimming a window in the Southern Boulevard store.—*The Times.*

Window shade, eh?



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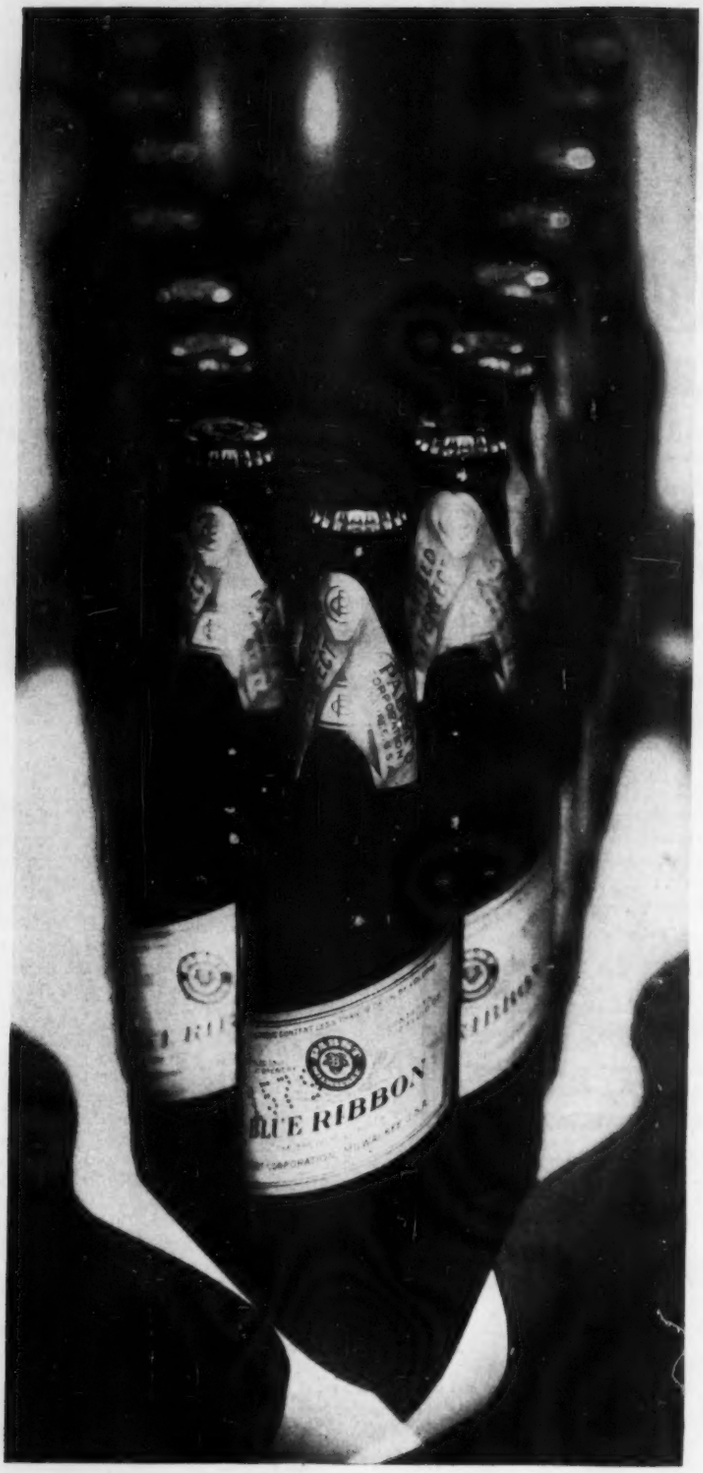

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